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THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

A FAMILY PAPER,

Devoted to News, Literature, &c.

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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜

THE SINGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

In this world so wide and lonesome
One dear friend have I—
One whose loving presence cheers me
Under every sky;—
Never care, nor pain, nor sorrow
Comes when she is nigh;—
Who so blest as I?

She has neither wealth nor station—
Gems nor precious things—
She has only long, fair tresses,
And most glorious wings;
She can neither strive nor labor—
What of that? she sings—
Wondrously she sings!

Once, as wearily we wandered
Over moor and plain,
Up the hills and down the valleys,
In the sun and rain,
Said I, softly, "Let some other
Hear this marvellous strain,
Else you sing in vain.

"Sing until the deaf ones listen—
Sing and win a name—
Sing till human hearts awakened
Yield you all you claim—
Sing and make the worldlings wonder,—
Angel, sing for Fame!
Prithee sing for Fame!"

Then she tried a simple measure
Faint and quivering,—
But her sweet voice failed and trembled,
Till, poor timid thing,
All the wise ones sneered and whispered,
And she would not sing—
No—she would not sing.

Then I said—"We two are friendless,
Poor and unconsoled—
I am growing sad and hungry,
Weary, faint and cold—
Since you will not sing for Glory,
Angel, sing for Gold—
Prithee sing for Gold!"

So the throng stood still and listened
With expectant ears—
But the sweet-voiced singer faltered,
Full of doubts and fears,
And the soul-enchanting music
Failed in sobs and tears,
Bitter sobs and tears!

"Oh, thou fairer than a blossom,
Gentler than a dove,
Purer than the sky when Hesper
Bares his brow above,—
Since you crave not Gold nor Glory,
Angel, sing for Love—
Prithee sing for Love!"

Then she sang, oh, most divinely,
With no pause or fear—
Sang until the best and proudest
Lent an eager ear,—
But the true soul of her music
Only one can hear—
One alone can hear!

MRS. WILLIAMS.

It is just forty-five years since my education was finished at Mrs. Middleton's seminary for young ladies, the most genteel school in our part of Hampshire, where we learned reading, writing, and needlework, polite behaviour, and the country dances. I was seventeen, and the eldest of ten children. My father's farm was but a small one, held on lease from our rich neighbor, Farmer Dickson, the principal man in our parish after the squire. He had two farms leased from him besides my father's, and a large one which he tilled himself, kept a retinue of men and maids, did the best ploughing, turned out the finest cattle, and made a vast deal of money by his dairy. His wife had died before I was born, and his house was kept in prime order by the youngest of his aunts, Miss Millwood. He had neither son nor daughter but Master Harry, whom everybody thought a sensible, handsome, young man, and not half so purse-proud as his father. Being our landlord and next neighbor, Farmer Dickson took a great interest in us. He said the family was too large for my father and mother to manage without advice; but providing for them was their chief difficulty; and when they heard that a distant relation of his, Mrs. Williams of the Golden Sheaf, wanted a well brought up girl, not as a servant, but to help in the housekeeping, they thought it might be a good situation for me.

To tell the whole truth, there was another reason for my going. Before I left school, Harry Dickson had begun to pay me attentions; not that I encouraged him much, but he would come after me, and it did not please his father. The old man thought his son should look higher than a poor farmer's daughter; and my parents having a good bit of pride, were just as angry when they came to know it. My father said he hoped no daughter of his would ever tempt a young man to disobey his father. My mother said she hoped I had more spirit than to wish to marry into a family who did not think us good enough for them. Of course my father and mother were right. I gave Harry back his ring, but it was after a good deal of crying. He swore he would never marry another woman, though his father should disinherit him; and to let Farmer Dickson and the whole country see that we were not set on trapping his son, it was settled that I should go to Mrs. Williams.

My father went one day to consult her, and when all was agreed, he took me and my trunk respectably in the London coach, which then passed through Clatford, our village, and stopped at the Golden Sheaf. For a country inn, the house was large and handsome. It had every convenience of yard and stabling, a good garden, a fine orchard, and some hundred acres of corn and meadow land. It was situated on the high road where Surrey and Hampshire meet. The ground was high; and from its upper windows one could see many a mile along the road and over the country. Stage-coaches and carriers' wagons stopped there; so did the country hunts and the travelling gentry, corn and cattle dealers on their way to London, farmers to and from the market-towns; and all who came or went, spoke well of the good housekeeping, the fair-dealing, and the general civility of Mrs. Williams.

She was a tall thin woman, upright, active, and still handsome, though bordering on sixty. Her black hair was but thinly sprinkled with gray. She had a good deal of the gentlewoman in her manner; always wore a black tabinet gown, a tamboured apron, and a cap of Nottingham lace, which was fine enough in those times. But there was something in her look so stern and rigid that it made one careful of one's doings before her. Her story, which we had heard in private from Farmer Dickson, was both sad and singular. She had been brought up in a respectable country inn of the county Cornwall, and married a rich farmer.—He left her early a widow, with an only daughter. She managed the farm well, however, and was a prosperous woman. Her daughter grew up a beautiful girl, and the mother's heart was wrapped up in her; but the son and heir of a neighboring squire induced her to elope with him, and marriage into his high family was not to be thought of. Mrs. Williams was a woman of a high spirit, strict and proud. It was said the poor girl never dared let it be known where she lived, for fear of her mother; and the squire's son remained abroad. But the old woman would not stand the disgrace; she sold house and farm, left that part of the country, bought the Golden Sheaf, and set herself up where nobody knew her family or history: she had been doing well for many a year.

Stern as she looked, Mrs. Williams was kind to me, and I did my best to please her. There was a good deal of novelty and life to be seen about the inn. I soon got over the parting with my mother and sisters, and was trying hard to think no more of Harry, though I had made up my mind—minds are so easy made up at seventeen—to live unmarried for his sake. Thus the summer wore away, the harvest passed, and the short dull days of November came on. I had got accustomed to the ways of the house. Though good, it was an old one.—There was the best kitchen, and the best parlor opening from it; numbers of pantries, closets, and cupboards; and a stair behind the old dresser, leading right up to Mrs. Williams' own room. It was over the porch, and had windows on three sides, which gave her a view of all who came or went. Her accounts were kept there, in an old-fashioned oak desk; so were her choice recipes, and she had them for making everything. There was a cupboard set in the thick wall, its doors not to be distinguished from the rest of the wainscot, in which Mrs. Williams kept the most rare and curious of her stores. I was once permitted to see them, as a great privilege, for she never trusted the key to any hand but her own. There were spices and essences, costly at the time of my story, and not common yet; old china which had been brought by the first of the East India Company's ships; mixtures for taking out stains; powder for destroying moths; and a poison for rats invented long ago by some of the Cornish people, and of such a terrible nature, that if one rat took it, all the rest fled from the place, and never came back. So Mrs. Williams told me; but I won't vouch for it; and can only remember now that the poison resembled nothing I ever saw but red pepper, which was an expensive luxury at that time, and kept in the cupboard also. It may be believed that I was in great favor, for not only were her treasures shown to me, but I had tea with Mrs. Williams in the porch-room every evening. She took kindly to me from the first, because I exerted myself to learn housekeeping, which my mother often said was the principal thing for a young woman expecting to have a house of her own, and still more because I kept quiet and sober, and had no looks of levity. Nothing of that kind would have been allowed at the Golden Sheaf, inn though it was, the house being kept with the greatest propriety. There were no jokes, and very little gossiping; plenty of work, for almost everything was made at home, and a great deal of coming and going.—Our quietest time was about the beginning of November, just before the winter fairs began. Then Mrs. Williams got her cattle killed, and her meat salted, and most of the servants were busy about that work in the yard and buttery.

One close, cloudy day, such as comes so often at the Martinmas-time, I was sitting in the best kitchen close by the window, doing some needlework, and Mrs. Williams was up in her own room settling the accounts, for it was Monday, and early in the afternoon. The sound of a horse's hoofs on the road, made me look out, and there was a gentleman, handsomely mounted, with a servant after him, as gentlemen rode in those days. They looked as if they had travelled far, and were coming to rest at the inn. When the gentleman alighted, I saw he was tall and handsome, somewhere about thirty-five, and had a jovial good-natured look, like one who was well pleased with himself and everything about him. He walked in not at all strange like, and asked me in the most civil and courteous manner, if Mrs. Williams lived here, and if he and his servant could have dinner. The first question was asked in a low tone, the second in a louder key; and before I could answer it, Mrs. Williams came down. Judging from her look, he was quite a new customer. I thought the gentleman glanced curiously at her at first, and then seeming satisfied that all was right, repeated his question about the dinner, saying he was a stranger in that part of the country, but he had heard so much of the Golden Sheaf, that he wished to stop and dine at the house.

I never saw Mrs. Williams receive any gentleman with more respect and ceremony. She curtesied him into the best parlor, called the hostlers to help his servant with the horses, took his orders for dinner, and set about cooking it herself, for the cook was hard at work making black and white puddings in the buttery. My first notion was that she had discovered him to be some great person travelling in disguise, and I half expected to be told of it. Mrs. Williams used to talk to me a good deal when we were alone in quiet afternoons: but now she went on cooking and making things ready without saying a word, and there was a queer fixed look in her face, which I could not understand, but it kept me from talking. I laid down my work, and rose to make the eel-soup; it was one of the things for which the house was famous—a Cornwall dish, I believe; and I had been trusted with the making of it of late, to my great exultation. But now she stopped me. "No, Mary; finish your sewing; those linens will be wanted. I'll make the soup myself."

I sewed away, wondering who the gentleman could be, and what had come over Mrs. Williams, till happening to look up, I missed her out of the kitchen. She had gone up to her own room, but came back in a minute, with a paper in her hand, which she shook into the soup, and then threw into the fire.

"That's the red pepper; it will do now," said she, taking up a spoonful, and making-believe to taste it, but she did not. I stitched on for a minute or two, though my blood was running cold; and the boiling of that soup in the large, quiet kitchen, sounds through my head sometimes even now. Mrs. Williams was standing at the window, with her back to me. I never will know what made me do it; but it was as if somebody had bidden me; and without a word or a thought but that it must be done, I ran to the fire, gave the sauce-pan a poke, and sent the soup blazing up the chimney. As it fizzed up, the thought of her anger came over me. I knew not what I did; but uttering a wild cry of fear, I rushed to the nearest door, and it was the best parlor. The next thing I remember, is, crouching behind the gentleman, who had started up and stood in the door, as Mrs. Williams came forward with two knives, which had been lying on the window-sill, in her hand.

"Pooh, never mind the spilling of the soup," said he, understanding at once what I had done, which indeed was easily seen. "You would not be angry with the child for that: she could not help it, I dare say. I can dine very well without it. You don't know me, Mrs. Williams," he continued, coming a step nearer where she stood, still looking at me with a deadly glitter in her eyes.

"Don't I," said she, and I did think she was trying which of the knives was the sharpest.

"Well," said the gentleman, "you may know me to be Edward Winstanley; but you don't know that I have married your daughter, and brought her home a lady. I never meant to act the villain by her. We were privately married: but while the old man lived, it had to be kept a secret, and we knew you would not keep it. That is why I have come to-day to surprise you; but you will come to Winstanley Park, and give us your blessing. By Jove, ma'am, you're not going to faint!"

She had staggered back against the wall, her white lips set, and her eyes growing glassy. He and I, and a half-a-dozen of the servants, whom my scream had brought in, ran to help her; but she pushed us away with a desperate effort, darted up stairs, and we heard her lock herself in her own room. The whole house was terribly frightened; the maids all concluded that Mrs. Williams had seen a ghost. What Mr. Winstanley thought, I do not know, but he asked me no questions, and never seemed to suspect anything about the spilled soup. He left a note for Mrs. Williams, and went off with the servant, a little before sunset. We all went about our business, for work never slacked in that house on any account, and the evening coach was expected. Just before it came, Mrs. Williams's bell rang, and the housemaid said she wanted me. When I came into the room, she was sitting at the desk, looking herself again; but her face was still white, and she had her long, knitted purse full of guineas in her hand.

"Mary," said she, "you are a good girl; take this, and go home; I'll take care that you get no blame."

"I want no money, ma'am," said I; "but I'll go home if you let me, and never say a word except to my father or mother."

She held out the purse once more, and then pointed to the door, but could say nothing; it must have been a hard pull for her proud spirit. I got out of the room as quick as I could, threw on my hat and cloak, and got into the coach as soon as it came up, leaving trunk and all behind me.

My father and mother were mightily surprised when it set me down at their door in Clatford, just as the clock struck twelve; they were still more astonished when I told them what had brought me home. My father first called me a brave, good girl, and then advised me not to be proud about it, because it was the work of Providence, and we were bound on all hands to keep such a story quiet about Farmer Dickson's relation. The story was kept between me and them; but my home-coming got wind, and Farmer Dickson came in a great fluster to know why Mary had left her good situation. My mother would not have reflections cast on her child, so she told him in the parlor; and what he said I don't know, because the door was fast shut; but he came out rubbing his hands, and clapped me on the back, saying,

"By jing, you are a fine girl, Mary; and if Harry don't finish that business, I'll ask you to be Mrs. Dickson myself."

I think I have not much more to tell. Harry did finish the business. There were some people in our village that never got over the wonder of it; but I am proud to say the Dickson family did not lose by me, for ten years after, Mrs. Williams died in her inn, and left her whole property in equal shares between me and her daughter, Lady Winstanley. She had never gone to the Park but once, and then she would neither eat, drink, nor sleep in the house, but saw her daughter, and her grandson, now heir of the estate, and then went straight back to the Golden Sheaf. She never took another girl to stay with her; and what she said about my leaving, I never heard; but the maids had a story among them, and they always stuck to it, that I went on account of something terrible, which came down the chimney, and frightened Mrs. Williams half out of her senses. They said one thing, however, which I am inclined to think might be true—that she never liked to make eel-soup after, nor cared to look at red pepper.

Chinese Characteristics.—In illness, and that dreadful wrench of soul and body we call death, the Chinese character shows itself. The pigtailed men believe that the pain of illness, is the result of the attempts the soul makes to leave the body. They believe that tricks, threats, and prayers, may sometimes compel the errant soul to return to its frail prison. They first try kind words, run after it, entreat it to came back, and describe what they must suffer if it will not hear reason. They urge and flatter it; they weep, they cry, "Come back, come back—what have we done to you? What motive can you have for going away!—come back, we implore you!" If the soul still struggles outward, tired of its bondage, the Chinese mourner gets bullying. He lets off fireworks, shouts, pushes to force back the soul. The men run about, crying they are on the track. They carry lanterns, if it is at night, to light the soul back again. When fairly dead—and most quiet people would die at once to get rid of all this noise and torment—they say the person has "saluted the age," has "thanked the world," every one belonging to the deceased at once puts on white caps, girdles, and shoes; even the silk cord that ties his tail, must be white. The body is covered with quicklime, and kept sometimes till the anniversary of the death. The day of the funeral is like an Irish wake. Every one smokes, drinks tea, gossips, laughs, till the time comes to gather round the coffin; then they shed tears, groan, sob, and address the dead in passionate and pathetic monologues. Every Chinese can weep and laugh at will, like an actor. —*The Kingdom of Flowers.*

Woman's Resistance to Polygamy.—How great is love in woman! and great, too, her resistance to the polygamic impurity which men sought to thrust upon her as a duty! In the Mahabharat of India, she wishes to love but one; she is punished for it; she dies. In the Zend-Avesta, of the Persians, summoned by the Magi to tell what woman most desires, she asks for a veil, and covering her face therewith, says: "To be loved, to be studied by her husband, and to be mistress of the house." This beautiful answer displeases her judges; she is stricken down and dies. But her soul, winging its flight to heaven, exclaims: "I am pure and undefiled."—*Michelet.*

☞ A Reason for Sobriety.—The road is paved for a short distance on the skirts of the town, and thereby hangs a tale. A farmer well known for his love of good liquor, was accosted by an acquaintance—"Ye've no been drunk on the road lately, Jamie." "Na," answered Jamie, "the road's nae been sae soft to fall on sin' they paved it."—*White's Northumberland.*

☞ Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men—to the extent of the sixpence; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of sixpence.—*Carlyle.*

WELL DRESSED.

A woman fond of dress, is a term of opprobrium. What does this condemnatory phrase mean—if it has any meaning? Is it that the woman neglects her mind, her manners, her husband, and her children, whilst she trims tawdry yellow with sky blue? Or that she tries to be neat, clean, and clothed in a manner becoming her position in life, her age, her figure, and her complexion? Dress has been described as affording an index to a woman's character. It does more; it actually affects her character. A woman well dressed, and conscious of being well dressed, becomes a very different person when she is put into slatternly clothes. In the first position she respects herself; in the second she feels not only discontented with herself, but with her neighbors. Goldsmith, in the Vicar of Wakefield, says: "A suit of mourning has transformed my Coquette into a Prude, and a new set of ribands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity."

It is a question open to some debate whether manners have affected dress, or dress manners. No one can deny that the one has always reacted on the other. Stiff, elaborate dress is connected with stiff and courtly manners; the high-flown compliment, the minuet, the rivolta. No knight could have borne arms in defence of a Bloomer, nor could the most determined lover drink a toast out of a Balmoral boot. The hair in long ringlets, or wrapped round a classic brow, speaks of poetry, music, painting, and all that is refined. We imagine these visionary personages thus clothed, walking on some pleasant terrace, feeding a peacock, whose graceful plumage harmonizes with the costume of its fair owner. A woman is decidedly an imitative animal; and, when you put her into the wide-awake, the short skirt, the jacket, into the pockets of which she is very apt to thrust her hands, you will generally find her sayings curt, her laugh loud, and her talk not a little inclining to slang.

We applaud a connoisseur who buys a picture because it is a beautiful piece of color. Why should we not have these charming combinations in women's dress? How often a little bit of scarlet velvet, well placed, gives value and tone to the dress! When the eye is cultivated, it is as irritable as a musical ear, and equally pained by discord. In many pictures, the sole charm arises from harmony of color—a harmony which the eye drinks in with delight. The French have an innate sense of color; we see this, in all the trifles that adorn their shops; a little box is painted with two colors which are so harmonious, that it is a delight to look at them. The English choose two colors, but as long as they are opposed to each other, they consider that sufficient: but these, being often discords, give pain.

As you look from your window in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; but then, what a toilette! Not only suitable for the season, but to the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and, more than all, how well they suit each other. Not one color swearing at another color. We have been imitating the French for centuries in the matter of dress; yet, how little we have succeeded in learning from them! If we were asked what would secure success in dress, we should answer, Freshness, before all things; better a clean muslin than tumbled satin. A lady once held up a collar and said, "Is it soiled?" "Yes." "Why, you never looked at it." "No; but if there is any doubt, it *is* soiled."

You ought never to buy an article because you can afford it. The question is, whether it is suitable to your position, habits, and the rest of your wardrobe. There are certain clothes that require a carriage to be worn in, and are quite unfit for walking in the streets. Above all, do not buy wearing apparel because it is miscalled cheap. There is no such thing; cheap clothes are dear wear. The article is unsaleable because it is either ugly, vulgar, or entirely out of date. One reason why you see colors ill-arranged, is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. The parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. An enormous sum of money is spent yearly upon women's dress; yet how seldom a dress is so arranged as to give the beholder any pleasure! To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but, to be dressed with taste, is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. We have seen foolish gowns, arrogant gowns. Women are too often tempted to imitate the dress of each other, without considering the difference of climate and complexion.

The colors which go best together, are green with violet; gold color with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and grey with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Grey and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors.

The first inquiry you must make, if you wish to be well dressed, is into your defects of figure and complexion. Your beauties you are already sufficiently well acquainted with. You are short; you should not wear flounces, nor stripes going round the figure. You are fat; don't wear a check. You have high shoulders: avoid a shawl, which is very graceful when well put on by a tall woman, but ugly when dragged across the bosom as if to hide an untidy gown. To look well, a shawl must be large; no arrangement can make a small shawl look well.

All imitations are bad. They deceive no one, and, the first gloss having passed off, they stand revealed for what they are; not for what they pretend to be. Let the cotton be cotton, and not pretend to be silk. A velvet dress is a prudent purchase. It never looks too fine, and, with the addition of lace and flowers, is suitable for any occasion. It is, of all materials, the most becoming to the skin. Satin is not so, because more glossy that the skin itself; so diamonds, being brighter than the eyes, serve to dim rather than to brighten them.

It is impossible to speak too strongly on the subject of selecting colors that suit the complexion and hair. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks and lips; and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach color is perhaps one of the most elegant colors worn. We still think with pleasure of Madame d'Arblay's Camille in a dress of peach-colored silk, covered with India muslin, and silver ribbons. We forgive her for having run into debt for it. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. Whatever the color or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace round the bosom and sleeves, the flowers—in fact, all that furnishes the dress. Above all, the ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the head, and the flowers that are worn in the hair should decorate the dress.

Ornaments should never be merely and evidently worn as ornaments. Jewels, flowers, and bows, should do some duty. They should either loop up a skirt, or fasten on lace, tulle, &c. There should be some reason for placing them; a bow of ribbon that has no mission, is a fault. Flying streamers are unpardonable. Milton's destription of Dalilah does not prepossess us in her favor:

Sails filled and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds, that hold them play.

Nothing looks worse than a veil flying behind your bonnet. Either draw it over your face, or leave it at home.

We have not yet mentioned the subject of dressing the hair. By attention to this, much may be done to decrease the defects of the face. If this be too long, the hair should be arranged so as to give width; if too short, the hair should be plaited and put across the fore part of the head, or turned back, which, if the forehead be low, gives height, and an open expression.

We have not, perhaps, pressed sufficiently strongly on the necessity of the dress being suitable for the hour. No dress, however charming, is admissible in a morning but one strictly fit for that time of day. Every woman, whatever her station in life, has duties to perform in the forepart of the day; and to see a lady ordering the dinner, or arranging the wardrobe in satin and artificial flowers, would be simply ridiculous. A velvet jacket may appear at the breakfast-table; but the simpler and neater the costume the better. All jewelry in a morning is in bad taste. Cobbett warns a man against a woman "fond of hardware." The imitations of gems which are frequently worn, are not only in bad taste, but are absurd. Pearls, which, if real, would be a monarch's ransom, and mock diamonds, before which the Koo-i-noor looks small, are sometimes heaped upon tasteless persons in terrible profusion.

Some years ago, we English imitated our neighbors, the French, in wearing almost entirely stone-colored, or grey dresses; but we neglected the ribbons of either scarlet or pink, with which they enlivened those grave colors. Another of our great mistakes, is to suppose that a ball-dress, when its freshness is gone, will do for a dinner or evening dress. There are some small folk, who appear on the first of May, to whom it would be a suitable and welcome present. Gloves and shoes are most important; a new pair of well-fitting gloves add wonderfully to any dress, morning or evening. Cobbett in his work, Advice to Young Men, says, "When you choose a wife, look to see how she is shod, if her shoes and stockings are neat; a slip-shod woman is a poor look-out."

We do not advocate spending much money upon dress; but we ask to have it spent with thought and tact in its arrangement and color. We all know beautiful women—wise, good, charming women—whose dress is generally totally deficient in taste, and we ask for the same improvement in mixing colors in dress that our artists, our architects, and the stage now display to us. How much of our associations with people depends upon dress! Elizabeth's "muslin mane" seems needed for her character. Mary Queen of Scots only rises before us in her black velvet, and the cap which bears her name; and the vision of Laura is not complete without the dress of green velvet and violets which Petrarch did not disdain to chronicle.

☞ He was justly accounted a skillful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practised every day by—the world.—*Bishop Latimer.*

☞ The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a keyhole.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

TERMS, &c.

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The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A JEWELER.—We know nothing about it—no more at least than the paragraph informed us. Why don't you write to the paper from which we copied it.

MENA.—Mr. Charles J. Helm is the American Consul at Cuba.

C. W.—The new American Cyclopœdia published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, would probably meet your want. The statistical information you seek, can best be obtained from some Temperance lecturer, or the officers of some Temperance Association.

N. F. B.—You will best obtain your information by writing to the Managers of the Farm School at the place you mention.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We design commencing in next week's paper, the promised novelet by T. S. Arthur, Esq., written expressly for THE POST. Mr. Arthur's health has been so poor this Summer, that he almost despaired being able to fulfill his part of the year's programme, but with the bracing weather of Autumn he feels stronger, and has decided to commence his story in our next.

We also design commencing next week, a new story by the author of "The Red Court Farm," "The Rock," &c.

We may also mention that we have made an arrangement with this last named author, for regular contributions to the Post; and that we design commencing the coming year with a novelet—written expressly for our columns—from her gifted pen. But of this last, we probably shall have more to say in the future.

EDUCATION.

As a movement in the right direction, we call attention to the following resolution recently offered in the New York Board of Education:—

Resolved, That in order to obviate the injurious results of prolonged confinement in the schools upon children of tender years, it be recommended to the trustees of schools to diminish the time occupied in actual instruction, in the primary schools and departments in their several wards, by devoting more of the time of school sessions to intermissions for safe and innocent recreation in the playgrounds of the schools.

We are convinced that children under ten years of age, should never be kept to their seats more than half-an-hour at a time—and that the whole period employed over their slates and books, should not exceed three hours a day. The rest of the day should be devoted mainly to the simple sports and natural recreations of childhood. The manifold good resulting through life from the possession of a strong and healthy physical frame, has been as much under estimated by parents and teachers, as the advantages of a thorough school education have been over estimated. We would not run from one extreme to the other, but we are sometimes almost tempted to think that the advantages of a school education, when you go much further than the attainment of the more common branches, such as reading, writing, and arithmetic, are not only considerably overrated, but very greatly overrated. As a general thing, the men who distinguish themselves in the world, either as writers, as statesmen, as soldiers, or in the great fields of invention and discovery, are not the highly cultured intellects of the schools. Often in the polishing, the native temper of the steel is lost. The mind is so filled with other men's ideas and deeds, that it never has any ideas or force of doing of its own. The old Greeks and Romans made a tolerable figure in the world in their day, without having a classical education; and probably they were greater and more original men on that very account. To see—a common sight in these days—a man think better of himself, not because he has added anything new to the domain of thought or of deed, but simply because his head is full of what other men, who lived long centuries ago, have thought and performed, is one of the most amusingly mournful sights under the sun. Of course such men are useful in their way—and so is a good index to a book, and a good catalogue to a library. But beyond that medium kind of importance, they are nothing. One Fulton or Whitney or Morse, one great original author, or statesman, or warrior, or philanthropist—though he know not the first word of Greek or Latin, or French or German—is worth the whole brood of classic pedants. It is time we shook off this irrational and unmanly worship of Greece and Rome, and became more intent upon our own life's business, and less upon theirs. Because they did their work well, is no reason that they should be a perpetual incubus upon the nations that come after them. The American tongue is as noble a tongue as either Greek or Roman spoke—and our conquests over the material and immaterial realms, if we have proper faith in God and our own powers, may transcend theirs. But it is not having proper faith in our own powers, to waste the time and energies of years of youth, in acquiring a knowledge of dead tongues, while we neglect those live studies which bear directly upon the great issues which men of thought and action now-a-days are called upon to meet and overcome. The great examples of Greek and Roman virtue and heroism will inspire our youth just as much when told in English as in the original tongue. And that we may be thus kindled to emulation is their principal value. We trust therefore to see the study of Greek and Latin gradually disappear more and more from our schools, giving room to studies more vital to the business of life—and a more careful attention, in general, given to the harmonious development of the whole man, as a physical, intellectual and moral being, in place of the undue, one-sided, and mischievous forcing of the mere intellect, of which we have seen so much of later years.

THE INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH.—The result of the famous match between the English and American players at Hoboken, was, that the Americans were almost nowhere, and would have been entirely nowhere had it not been for the help of two or three Philadelphia players.

By the way, all of the "American" players at New York, except three or four, were of European birth. In the contest in this city, all of the "American" players, with one exception, will be Americans. If they do not do better than the New Yorkers, they are to be presented all round with leather medals, and escorted to their homes in a hearse.

A LECTURE FROM CURTIS.—Many of our city readers will gladly hear that George William Curtis, Esq., of New York, is to lecture at Concert Hall, on Monday the 17th inst. The subject is MODERN INFIDELITY—and one need be at no loss to imagine the sort of treatment it will probably receive from the brilliant wit and satirist of "The Potiphar Papers." Mr. Curtis, everybody knows, is the prince of lecturers, certainly one of the most popular in the country, and doubtless, on this occasion he will speak, as usual, to a crowded lecture-room.

☞ We see by a statement in the *Sunday-School Times*, of this city—a paper, by the way, which all should take who are interested in the Sunday-School movement—that there are 7,000 more pupils in the Sunday-Schools of Philadelphia, than in the Public Schools. We had no idea that the number of Sunday-School pupils was so great.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The seventh volume of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPŒDIA, edited by Messrs. GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is issued. Mr. McFarlan at the Arcade Hotel is, as we have said before, the agent for this city. The seventh volume fills the range of subjects between the letters E D W and F U R. A magazine of full and valuable information on all sorts of matters, speculative and practical, and containing also a number of essays, admirable in a literary point of view, and as interesting as any other interesting reading. The owner of the New Cyclopœdia has a perpetual fund of knowledge and pleasure, and no better investment could be made, in a general way, than the purchase of these volumes.

A charming book for the literary reader—that is, for the reader who does not read for "the sake of the story," and loves to hear about the story-makers, and what a talented man has to utter in criticism on their literary manners—is Prof. Masson's BRITISH NOVELISTS, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) which contains in a light and flowing critical sketch the whole history of British prose fiction in its most illustrious instances. Prof. Masson is the author of the new Life of Milton, now coming out in large volumes, and his criticism in this book is learned, judicious, acute, graceful and kindly. We cannot quote much—but what a fine cabinet picture here is of Jerrold:—

"There breathed not any one in whose actual person there was more of the pith of energy at its tensest, of that which in a given myriad distinguishes the one. How like a little Nelson he stood, dashing back his hair and quivering for the verbal combat! The flash of his wit was but the manifestation easiest to be observed of a mind compact of sense and information, and of a soul generous and on fire."

This is at once graphic and just. Quite as fine, and with a touch of funeral pathos in it, is the passing show of Dickens and Thackeray at Jerrold's burial:—

"And now all that remained of Jerrold was enclosed within the leaden coffin which entered the cemetery gates. As it passed, I saw Dickens among the bearers of the pall, his uncovered head of genius stooped, and the wind blowing his hair. Close behind came Thackeray; and as the slow procession wound up the hill to the chapel, the crowd falling into it in twos and threes and increasing its length, his head was to be seen by the later ranks, towering far in the front above all the others, like that of a marching Saul."

The criticism on Dickens and Thackeray, as on Scott, Mrs. Radcliffe, Smollett, Fielding, Richardson, and the rest, is well worth reading. A better book than Prof. Masson's is not seen every month in the year, by any means.

There is a LIFE OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) with an introduction by Bayard Taylor, and a capital portrait of the great scientifician, judging by an authentic portrait we once saw, and also by Bayard Taylor's testimony. The memoir is adequately conceived and well executed, though of course only a sketch, as it necessarily must be in a book of only four or five hundred pages, when the subject is so vast a one as the career of Humboldt. It is concise, orderly, clear, and full of graceful personal episodes and anecdotes. The impression it leaves of Humboldt, is that of a man as good as he was great.

In the way of lives, we have also Dr. Arnold's LIFE OF HANNIBAL and Dean Milman's LIFE OF THOMAS A'BECKET, in two nice little volumes, belonging to the set known as the Household Library of Biography. (Sheldon & Co., New York.)

A work of much interest and containing many good hints, valuable suggestions, and much food for reflection on an important subject, is a work entitled HINTS TOWARDS PHYSICAL PERFECTION, by D. H. JACQUES. (Fowler & Wells, New York.) It is copiously illustrated, and many of its positions sustained by citations from writers of authority.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October has an article on "Daily Beauty" which criticises remorselessly the ladies' dresses, a thing which has been done before—once or twice. "Rifled Guns" is a capital paper. "The Wonder-smith" is a fantastic story, full of wild Hoffmannesque fancies, and just good enough to vex one that the author does not use his talent to better purpose. There are other articles of various merit and interest, and the number is quite readable throughout.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

SMOOTH STONES FROM ANCIENT BROOKS. By the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. Sheldon & Co., New York.

LESSONS FROM JESUS; OR THE TEACHINGS OF DIVINE LOVE. By W. P. BALFERN. Sheldon & Co., New York.

A FAMILIAR COMPEND OF GEOLOGY FOR THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY. By A. M. HILLSIDE. Jas. Challen & Son, Philada.

A TREATISE ON ELEMENTARY AND HIGHER ALGEBRA. By THEODORE STRONG, L. L. D. Pratt, Oakley & Co., New York.

LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE. By the Rev. HUGH STOWELL BROWN. G. G. Evans, Philada.

THE SOUTHERN GARDENER AND RECEIPT BOOK; CONTAINING INFORMATION ON ALL SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH DOMESTIC AND RURAL AFFAIRS. By MARY E. EDGEWORTH. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

FORTY-FOUR YEARS OF THE LIFE OF A HUNTER; being Reminiscences of Meshach Browning—a Maryland Hunter. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FALLING STARS—JOURNALS TRYING THEIR TETHER—NEIGHBORLY FRIENDSHIP—A WEEK OF STORMS—THE KINGS OF YVETOT—TELEGRAPHIC STATISTICS—AUSTRIAN PROTESTANTS—A CLEVER CHILD—TURNING THE TABLES—NARROW ESCAPES—AN EASTERN STORY—A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY.

Paris, Sept. 15, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The complications in Italy seem to make but slight progress towards solution; though, as the last extraordinary note in the *Moniteur*, while scolding the Italians for not taking back the Austrianized Princes, whose yoke they were urged by the Emperor himself to throw off, does not indicate that any force is to be employed for their reinstallation, the people of Central Italy will no doubt continue to regard themselves as annexed to Piedmont, and to do their best to fortify themselves in that new position. The only one of the deposed rulers for whom any sympathy is felt here is the Duchess of Parma. But the case of Central Italy is evidently one in which personal predilections cannot be allowed to remain in the way of the large union under one constitutional sceptre which alone can secure the conditions of national existence; and the Duchess and her son will no doubt be held as aliens by the people of Parma, though the young Prince is a minor, and the rule of the Duchess has been gentle, and her personal worth deservedly admired. Among the number of those who regard the exclusion of this family as a necessary step towards the breaking up of the Austrian influence which has been the bane of Italy for so long a time, while rendering justice to the amiable and noble character of the Duchess of Parma, is one of the editors of the *Constitutionnel* of this city, who informs us that he happened, while on a recent tour in Switzerland, to find himself on board the same steamer with the Duchess of Parma and her children, whom he thus describes:—"Scarcely had we taken our places on the deck, when we noticed, on the other end of the same seat, a lady surrounded by a group of merry, laughing children. She wore a straw hat without either ribbons or feathers, and a morning-dress of extreme simplicity. It is impossible to imagine sweeter or more pleasing features, or more affable manners. That lady was the Duchess of Parma, on her way from Genoa to Fribourg, with her children and several attendants. The young Duke Robert, who seemed to be nine or ten years of age, contemplated the lake and mountains with a thoughtful air. His younger brother treated him with great deference, and I observed that he touched his hat whenever he spoke to him. The young Princesses had a most pleasing air of gentleness and good-nature. The youngest, a very pretty and lively child, amused herself by carrying her doll up and down the deck, and went every now and then to whisper some great secret to her governess. Her brothers and sisters, part of the time, crowded round a juggler, admiring his dexterity, and purchasing a few trifles from him."

Very much greater latitude having been taken by the Paris press since the amnesty, it would really seem that the Emperor, feeling the importance of strengthening his position by availing himself, in political matters, of the aid of a clearly-expressed opinion on the part of the public, has determined to try a change of policy in regard to the journals. Though the tone of many of these has been, as indeed it generally is, acrimonious and ill-natured toward England, yet few of them seem prepared to advocate a hostile policy toward that power, with the exception of the *Univers*, and the Legitimist organ, the *Gazette de France*, who appears to regard a war with England as the first and most hopeful duty of France, without however assigning the slightest reason for such a proceeding. In a long and violent article of a few days since, declaring, with much angry declamation, that it was England's jealousy of France that led her to stand aloof from the late war, and that now induces her to demand a Congress in order that she may at once oppose the wishes of France in the field of diplomacy, and also win favor with the Italians as the champion of their "revolutionary" aspirations, this journal goes on to say that it opposes the idea of a Congress, because "at the head of the question of Italy is the Roman one, which common sense tells us should not be confided to the discussions of a majority of Protestant and schismatic States. We oppose a Congress because, if it be important to England to make us expiate by abusive concessions to her, the recent military triumphs which we have made her witness, it is important to us to refuse her this satisfaction; because, when we have done enough, as in this case, to disarm the systematic malevolence of an adversary, and have not succeeded, it only remains for us, says the wise man, to wait and see what will happen; and because, finally, if two milliards of voluntary loans, and two millions of soldiers are required for a just war with England, they will certainly be forthcoming.

I cite this pretty little ebullition of ill-will, as a sample of the sort of thing so often put forth by the Paris journals; and to show that the feeling of insecurity with regard to the future of the alliance now so general in England, is abundantly justified by the declarations of the French themselves.

Meantime, the astonishing news of the disastrous defeat of the English and French detachments that were preparing to convoy the representatives of Great Britain and France to Pekin, by necessitating renewed and decisive action in China on the part of both those powers, will no doubt contribute, for a time at least, to perpetuate the alliance between those two nations, and to retard the execution of those hostile intentions which the French sovereign is so generally believed to be nursing against his ally.

A most violent and sudden change in the weather has occurred, the atmosphere being as unseasonably cold as it had previously been unpleasantly the reverse. Storms, magnetic and other, a vast and brilliant display of Aurora Borealis, and earthquakes that have been felt at various points nearly all over Europe, from Constantinople and Smyrna, to Italy and England, have characterized the state of this part of our planet since my last. As to the magnetic disturbance—the greatest perceived for many years—the telegraphic service has been, on many points, interrupted for hours together; bells on the lines rang of their own accord, and galvanometers marked the passage of a permanent current that rendered the apparatus entirely useless. The most severe of the earthquakes, after that of Erzeroum, occurred at Norcia, in the Roman States, where, during ten minutes, the shocks followed one another with increasing violence, the houses falling as though built of cards, and the people, in consternation, rushing out into the fields, without thinking of carrying anything with them. The place is now a heap of ruins; and the distress is heart-rending. Vesuvius, too, is in such a state of combustion that it is thought its entire top may not improbably fall in, modifying considerably the outline of that mountain as known to travellers, and perhaps making considerable changes in the topography of the surrounding country.

The Councils-General of the eighty-six Departments of France are just now holding their annual sessions: some are crying out for help in drainage and road-making, others demand a repeal of the protective tariffs, others again as loudly demand their maintenance, and even their augmentation. Some of them contrive to introduce subjects of a more amusing character into their weighty deliberations. At one of the late sittings of the Council-General of Rouen, M. de Beaurepaire, keeper of the archives, made a curious report on some unpublished documents relative to one of the kings of Yvetot. One of these is a letter from his Majesty to his wife, to whom he had confided the management of his domain during a journey he was compelled to make to Dinan. This letter, which contains recommendations relative to affairs of State, finance, &c., is very amusing; the King inquiring with great gravity and solicitude about the welfare of his subjects, as well as about the health of the Queen, then in an interesting position. Another document, not less curious, is the marriage contract of the Dauphin of Yvetot, Jehan Chenu, eldest son and heir presumptive of the noble and powerful Lord Perot Chenu, King of Yvetot, and Marion Courault, daughter of the noble Robert Courault and Isabeau, his wife. The young princess brought, as marriage-portion, the estate and lordship of Escalles-Alix, and the sum of 4,000 gold crowns, which was constituted as a dowry to the Dauphine Marion Courault, with the manor and arable lands of Maribrasse, at Quinocampoix. The contract contains a clause to the effect that, if the young Prince, on attaining the age of fourteen years, should refuse to ratify the said marriage, the King should pay to the said Marion the sum of two thousand gold crowns as damages. In latter days, the family of the old kings of Yvetot was represented by the family of d'Albon. And it must not be supposed that the title of Dauphin given to the young Prince of Yvetot is a mere fancy.

The kings of France had conferred on the sovereigns of the little Pays de Caux, the exclusive right of wearing the arms of Dauphine, touching which right it is related that the Dauphin of France, under Louis XIV., was one day passing over the Pont Neuf, in Paris, when he remarked a carriage, which, like his own, bore the arms of Dauphine. Much surprised at the sight, he stopped his carriage, and sent some one to ask the Count d'Albon, to whom the other carriage belonged, by what right he bore his arms?

"Tell Monseigneur," replied the Count, "that I do not bear his arms, but that it is he who bears mine."

The kingly dignity of the Lords of Yvetot only disappeared in the Great Revolution, and one can hardly imagine that the antiquated privileges of their state can have subsisted to a period so near our own, and indeed within the memory of many aged people still living. So great is the stride which society has made during the present century, and so great the changes introduced into the conditions of social existence, even in this apparently revolutionary, but really most toughly conservative country, so slow in adopting practical and tangible improvements. For instance, curious as is the contrast between the statistics of England and those of France with regard to the most astonishing of all our modern inventions, the latter prove that the use of this marvellous invention is nevertheless gaining ground here. In 1851, the electric telegraph transmitted only 9,014 despatches, which produced 76,723 francs; in 1858, it transmitted 493,973 messages, producing 3,516,634 francs, about four-fifths of which despatches were on business relative to commerce, trade, the exchange and the press; and one-fifth related to private and family matters.

Happily for us all, Progress *is* being made in the world, though not quite so rapidly as one would like to see it. Even the Austrian government cannot manage to escape altogether the onward push, but has actually just promulgated the new laws relative to the rights and immunities of the Protestant sects, which are now placed on a footing of civil and legal equality with the Catholics. It is generally, but erroneously supposed that the number of Protestants in the various provinces of Austria is not considerable. In Hungary there are 2,196,816 Protestants; or one-fourth of the entire population. In Transylvania there are 543,634 Protestants, or considerably over one-fourth of the population. In the Servian Voivodine, out of a population of 1,574,000, there are 78,345 Protestants. In Crotia and Sclavonia there are but 4,831. Bohemia has 90,000; Silesia 60,783; Moravia 52,140; Upper Austria 18,511; Carinthia 17,900; Lower Austria 20,000; Styria 5,800; on the coast there are 1,500; in the Tyrol 122, and in Salzbourg 178. In Galicia there are 24,580; in the Bukovina 7,280; in Venetia 400, in Dalmatia 15 individuals maintain the Protestant faith. Total, for all the Austrian dominions, three millions.

The Emperor and Empress, who have been luxuriating, in perfect freedom from etiquette, and with scarcely any suite, in the delicious air and fine scenery of the Pyrenees, have now gone to Biarritz, where the little prince has been for some time past with his governess, taking long walks by the sea-side, riding about on a beautiful little pony, sent him by Queen Victoria, or going through, with great gravity, the military drill with a walking-stick instead of a musket. Notwithstanding his youth, the little fellow already speaks English, Spanish, and German with as much facility as French.

The King of the Belgians, who has been travelling about in every direction, is now visiting the Emperor at Biarritz. In fact, every creature that can manage it, is travelling, as stated in my last, from one end of Europe to the other.

But the railways are not conveying mere pleasure-seekers only. Numbers of officers, as well as soldiers, are only just returning to France from Italy, and many of these have most curious adventures to relate of their escapes. Among these, two members of the Paris Jockey Club, Count de la Rochefoucauld and Viscount A. Talon, who have been serving in the late Italian campaign, escaped death in a manner that seems almost miraculous. The former, in charging the Austrian cavalry at the head of his regiment, received five wounds, and was made prisoner. None of the wounds were mortal, but one of them was caused in a very extraordinary manner. A Hulan placed his pistol close to the Count's forehead and pulled the trigger, but the ball instead of shattering his skull, went round the frontal bone, tearing off the skin, and at last went out into empty space, making a hole in the kepi. As to M. Talon, whilst charging at the head of his company, at the battle of Solferino, he arrived in an Austrian square, and received a discharge of balls, which, however, only wounded his horse, without touching him. The horse fell, but the rider jumped up, sword in hand, and presently had his kepi cut through by a sword; a moment after, he received a second blow on the head, but such was the confusion prevailing, that the hand of the soldier who struck him was turned aside, so that the flat of the sword only hit him: a moment after, a dragoon placed his carbine close to the Viscount's cheek, but it missed fire. He then received a violent thrust from a bayonet, which threw him to the ground; but the soldier who gave it was amazed to see him rise from the ground and run away. The soldier, no doubt, thought the young officer had some talisman about him, and so he had. In the Crimean campaign, M. Talon one day complained that he had broken the glass of his watch, and could not get it replaced. One of his soldiers said,

"Lieutenant, you have no need to carry your watch to the Palais-Royal! I am a watch-maker by trade, and have some of my tools in my knapsack. If you will give me a two-franc piece, I will put you in a glass that will never break!"

M. Talon gave the man his watch and a two-franc piece; and the man very skillfully beat out the coin until it became large enough, and then fixed it in the case so as to occupy the place of the glass. The watch then presented this peculiarity, that, while the case was of gold, the part where the glass ought to have been was of silver. On his return to France, M. Talon continued to wear the watch, both as a curiosity, and as a *souvenir* of the Crimea. He had it in his pocket in the battle of Solferino; and it was aginst it that the point of the Austrian bayonet struck. But so violent was the thrust that the point of the bayonet passed through both the coin and the watch.

"Thus," said M. Talon, when recounting the affair to his friends, "I owe my life to a piece of two-francs!"

"And the money was well invested," exclaimed one of the latter; a remark which, if not particularly new, was, at least, appropriate.

A story quite as curious in its own way, and reminding one of the incidents of the Arabian Nights, has just reached us from Constantinople.

It appears that there was, until lately, in the harem of the Sultan, a Circassian lady of great beauty, a slave, of course, who was an especial favorite of the Sultan, partly for her personal charms, and partly for her magnificent voice, to which the modern Commander of the Faithful delighted to listen.

One day, lately, Sersafraz Hanum—such was the name of the fair songstress—called for her carriage, and went to Ortakie, accompanied by two female slaves and a male attendant. She alighted at a house which she indicated, and was received by two women, with every mark of the most profound respect. The fair Sersafraz entered the house with her female attendants, the male one remaining at the door. She was shown into a richly-furnished drawing-room and there dismissed the two slaves, who went with the domestics of the house to another apartment, where they were regaled with cakes, cigarettes, and coffee. Two of these domestics quitted this room, from time to time, and went to the drawing-room, to see if anything were wanted by the lady, but, after a time, they all withdrew. The two slaves of Sersafraz continued to amuse themselves with their cigarettes and coffee for some time longer; but getting surprised at not receiving any summons from their mistress, they went out, and finding everything quiet, advanced on tip-toe to the drawing-room. Hearing no sound within, they opened the door, and found to their astonishment that their mistress had disappeared. They began to call out; and hearing no answer, proceeded to examine the other rooms. The whole house was deserted. Continuing their search, they came to a boudoir, and found in it the dress worn by their mistress. They were thunderstruck, for it was evident that she had fled. Like all Orientals in an unexpected emergency, they set up loud cries and howlings, which brought to their side the male slave who had been left at the door. He now commenced a search through the house, but nothing of the fair lady remained save her rejected apparel. Hastening back to the palace, the servants made known the flight of the favorite to the black Aga. That functionary proceeded at once to Ortakie, and searched the house with the utmost minuteness, but could find no trace of the Circassian; and presently he discovered a secret opening by which the house communicated with the port. An investigation having been made it was ascertained that several persons, dressed in European style, had been seen in a *caique* near the house, and had suddenly left it. It also turned out that a very handsome Italian, named Guatelli, director of music at the court, had also disappeared. The Kiosque inhabited by the favorite was searched; and it was found that the gold, silver, jewels, and sumptuous presents of all kinds given her by the Sultan, had all been carried off. All the efforts made to recover the lady, or to discover the missing musician, proved abortive; but it is now known that the successful lovers have arrived safely at Geneva, where they have been duly married, and report adds that Madame Guatelli is busily preparing for the stage, and intends, with her husband, to make her appearance as a *prima donna* as soon as her musical and dramatic training shall be sufficiently advanced.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* of this city, however, recounts a fact which shows that we need not journey to the East to find adventures. A little boy, named Derien, ten years of age, was brought before the police court here, on Saturday last, on the charge of "vagabondage." He had been found quietly sleeping on a bench in the circus of the Champs Elysees, and it was stated that he had been in that building five days and nights. "Five days and nights!" exclaimed the President. "Yes, Monsieur," replied the boy. "And pray how did you get in?" "Monsieur, some other boys and I slipped in, in the day-time, without being observed, and hid ourselves until the performance began. After it was all over, I remained." "You were not seen by the Inspectors who go round the theatre?" "No; because I crept under a bench." "You saw the same performance every night?" "Yes, Monsieur, and I was not at all tired of it!" "What did you do in the day-time?" "I looked out of the windows, and saw people pass in the Champs Elysees." "And how did you live?" "Monsieur, I ate a plank." "Ate a plank? what do you mean?" "I stole a plank from my father, and sold it for fifteen sous. With these fifteen sous I bought bread enough to last me five days!" The father of this promising amateur of equestrian sports having been sent for, appeared in the court towards the close of the examination, and claimed him. The President, after lecturing the latter, ordered him to be given up to his parent, and the child was accordingly taken out of court under the parental auspices.

QUANTUM.

NEW PHASE OF THE SUNDAY QUESTION.—The Mayor of Pittsburg recently arrested the drivers of private carriages on Sunday. The *Post* of that city, says:—

"On Sunday, he sent his officers to the various churches, and took the names of the drivers of a large number of carriages in waiting at the doors, together with their owners' names. The drivers were notified that informations would be made against them to-day, under the act of 1794, for pursuing their worldly avocations on Sunday, and that they would be subjected to a fine of four dollars each. Several of them expressed their ignorance of the fact that they were guilty of the breach of any law, and said that they would appear to-day and pay their fines.

"The names of the owners and drivers of the carriages were reported to the Mayor yesterday by his police, and to-day information will be lodged against them. Upon the list we observe the names of one Doctor of Divinity, and one Judge of the Supreme Court; so we presume the Sunday question will now be decided both according to the Decalogue and the Statute Book. The other carriages informed against belong to our most substantial citizens. There is a homely adage that "what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander."

A FATHER'S REVENGE.—Buena Vista, Tennessee, was the scene of a tragedy, a few days since. Some weeks since, Mr. John F. Jackson, an opulent gentleman of that village, was informed that his daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen years, had been seduced by Dr. Bunch. He forthwith sought the man who had brought disgrace upon his name, and demanded that he should repair the wrong by marrying his victim. The doctor declined at the time, and Jackson gave him three weeks to reconsider or leave the country. At the expiration of that time, Bunch still declining to heal the wounds he had inflicted, the determined parent, restive with the sense of wounded honor and desperation, shot Bunch down in his office. He died instantly. Jackson delivered himself into custody, and when our informant left, was in the Paris (Tenn.) jail.—*Louisville Courier.*

THERE was a race on the 7th at the Cincinnati Trotting Park, between Flora Temple and Ike Cook, for $1,000 a side, which was won by Flora in three straight heats. Time 2,27½, 2,27 and 2,21½. The last heat was the fastest on record, the first half mile being made in 1 m. 9½ sec.

THE GREAT BALLOON VOYAGE.

NARRATIVE OF MR. LA MOUNTAIN.

THREE HUNDRED MILES IN FOUR HOURS—LANDING IN THE WILDERNESS—THE BALLOON ABANDONED—FOUR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD—LOST IN THE WOODS—EATING RAW FROGS AND BERRIES—PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

From a long account, by Mr. La Mountain, in the Troy Times, we quote the following:—

We ascended about three thousand feet, so great was our ascensive momentum, without varying ten feet from a perpendicular line—the broad square, with its thousands who were gazing heavenward to watch our course, remaining still beneath our feet. After attaining this attitude, the balloon struck the north-eastern current, and was drifted along with it at about the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and still ascending very rapidly. This current was one of great depth, as, although we went up to the height of three and a half miles, we did not lose it. After reaching an altitude of three miles and a half, we took a still more easterly course. As some journals have argued, judging from the point at which we landed, that the easterly current is not always reliable, I pause here to remark that I never found it more so than on that Thursday afternoon. I thought then, and still continue to think, that had I maintained an altitude of two and a half miles, I could have crossed the ocean in thirty-six hours, and without any more ballast than in making an ordinary local ascension. It must be remembered that it was when we left this ever-reliable stratum, and descended into the local currents, that we were carried in a northerly course.

We remained at an altitude of three miles and a half about half an hour. At this height we were going almost due east. At two minutes past 6 o'clock the thermometer indicated 31°, having fallen 18° after our departure from the earth. Here my friend Haddock, who had sat all unconcerned in the basket, taking notes as coolly as though in his comfortable sanctum at Watertown, began to discover that it was rather too cold weather to propel a pencil with any degree of comfort. He therefore provided himself with the overcoat his friend had furnished him with at the moment of our departure, and fortunately found in the pockets an extra pair of gloves for me—mine having been dropped from my pocket on the square.

I here ate the first meal for three days—having been unwell during that time—and the last it was to be my good fortune to enjoy during the four days to come. We had but little provisions on board, and it did not take us long to exhaust these, the ride and the bracing atmosphere having given us voracious appetites. Unfortunately for Mr. Haddock, the balloon commenced "blowing off" soon after, and this, with the attendant rarefication of air which had caused it, decidedly discomposed his stomach. The result was that we were somewhat lightened. I had eaten none for three days previously; he lost about all he had eaten. We were, therefore, neither of us in the very best condition for the somewhat peculiar experiences that were soon to befall us.

At 6.30 we were still about three miles and a half above the earth, which the clouds entirely shut out from view, and still going almost due east. We continued in this course for a few minutes, remaining almost in equilibrium, when the sun left us, and as the gas became somewhat more dense, we commenced to descend. After getting as far as the top of the clouds, I supposed that we had left the easterly current, and were travelling due north at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. I did not think we had journeyed more than twenty-five miles northward of Watertown, and if the current was going in the direction I supposed, by keeping it a little while, we would have crossed the St. Lawrence, leading near the line of the Grand Trunk Railroad, on the direct route for Kingston, where my next ascension was to have taken place. Mr. Haddock was very anxious to keep up longer, but I had already stayed above longer than I anticipated, and the number of my engagements ahead impressed me with the importance of making a safe landing before dark.

We remained upon the surface of the clouds, floating on them as a ship does on water. I opened the valve. The sun had but just left us above, and it was hardly early twilight above there. But as we went down, it became densely, impenetrably dark, "a darkness that one might almost feel, and cut with a knife." The illusion that the clouds were a dense body upon which we had been sailing was therefore borne out by the resemblance in our then present condition to a foundered ship, cleaving the waters on the way to the bottom of the ocean. To be sure, there was no difficulty in breathing, and the atmosphere was quite warm, the only sensation of oppression being that caused by the awful darkness. As we were passing through the clouds we heard a roaring as of a great cataract. I supposed at the time it was some one of the St. Lawrence rapids. My impression now is, that it was one of the falls of the Ottawa, a short distance above Bytown. We were fifteen minutes in passing through the cloud strata.

After we got clear of the clouds, we found to our astonishment that we were not more than 500 feet above the earth, and it was exceedingly dark. This last fact was all the more singular, because when we left the upper regions, it was light enough to read fine print. On nearing the ground we saw a glimmering light, apparently from a house at some distance, but, for reasons I have before given—we could not tell in which direction. But directly under us, and as far as the eye could reach, was one unbroken, unpeopled wild. We were able to tell that we were over woods, and not water, very readily, because we settled down until so near the tops of the trees, that when I threw out a small quantity of sand, we could hear it rattling among the leaves and dry branches. It was at this time—about 7½ o'clock—a perfect calm.—Hardly a breath of air was stirring, and the balloon did not sway in any direction. I could have made a landing at this time with perfect ease—but there are always many objections to coming down amid timber, and I had no disposition to run the risk of damaging my splendid balloon. The result proved that I did not calculate rightly; but human reasoning is very apt to be based upon false premises when moving in the dark.

We held a "consultation," which resulted in the conclusion that we were mistaken—that we had not travelled as fast or as far as we supposed, and had settled over the north-west corner of the famous John Brown tract. If this was the case, by throwing out ballast, and going a short distance further, we should pass the woods, and reach a cleared district. I requested Mr. Haddock to discharge some sand, which he did, and we rose very quickly into the clouds again. At this time it was raining very slightly, and it was interesting to observe the changing phenomena, as we passed up above the point whence the shower was descending, and reached an altitude where the clouds seemed nothing more than thin vapors or fogs. The rain had no effect whatever upon the balloon, and did not effect its ascensive power in the least.

We made six attempts to land after this, at intervals ten or fifteen minutes apart—the object being to ascertain whether we had passed the woods as yet or not. On the third descent, we came down upon the bosom of a little lake, shut in amid the almost impenetrable extent of trees around. The car even touched the water, and we had our life-preservers ready for emergencies, but the discharge of a very small quantity of ballast changed the course of the balloon, and it quickly rose again. On the fourth attempt, we came down beside a very high tree, and caught hold of its branches for a moment to look around: but there were woods still as far as the eye could reach in the dark; and right before us a frowning mountain raised its beetling head, until it seemed lost in the clouds. So up we went again, journeying for a few moments very close to the tree-tops. On the sixth attempt, we came down very near the top of a tall tree, of which Mr. Haddock caught hold. I reached out my hand and felt of it. It was spruce. A very messenger of evil tidings. No spruce grew in the New York wilderness, that I knew, and the hardy tree was a native only of colder climates. We must therefore be over Canada. If this was so, we were above the great wilderness. This I knew was almost unbounded—its only known limit being the Arctic circle. Therefore, if there we were, the sooner we stayed where we were, the better. So I made fast to the top of the sprace, and we composed ourselves as well as possible for a night of "rest"—crawling down in the bottom of the car, and going to sleep.

Daylight came—none too soon to satisfy the two somewhat anxious individuals who were awaiting its first glimmers. The rain had ceased, leaving us thoroughly soaked in our perch, but the clouds above drooped very near the earth. We had on board about fifteen pounds of ballast, which we threw out, as well as one blanket, one overcoat, one anchor rope, two or three porter bottles, and other small articles.—This was necessary to give us an ascensive power, because about one hundred pounds weight had been added to the balloon during the night by the deposit of rain in little reservoirs upon it and the soaking of the net. When we arose, we ascended at once, so as to pass through the stratum of clouds, which had so thinned out during the rain that it was probably not more than a thousand feet in thickness. Once more the earth was out of sight, and the sunshine was upon us. We found ourselves going still due north. As the sun's rays fell upon the balloon, the drying off of the water and the expansion of the gas increased the ascensive power very much, and we shot up rapidly to the height of a mile before it was possible for me to check the upward tendency. I knew the sooner we reached terra firma the better. Drawing the valve, therefore, we came down below the clouds.

And here, what a view! As far as the eye could reach in every direction, one unbroken sea of forest limbs; massive trees, shooting their tapering bodies far up towards the clouds, and relieved with very little foliage; the broad, cheerless, and forbidding prospect broken only by a mountain at some distance, and one or two small sheets of water near by.

Discharging gas as rapidly as possible, we came down, the balloon settling between two tall spruces. The globe caught in the limbs, but as it collapsed with the discharge, our weight settled the car within eight feet of the earth, enabling us to drop out without difficulty. It was most fortunate that our descent was made just at this point, the balloon barely crowding between the trees, else we might have been impaled or thrown out from a very great height by concussion.

After jumping out, I knew that it was necessary to abandon the balloon, as we should have all we could do to find our way out of that almost impenetrable wild, without any incumbrances. There was no alternative—the work of the Atlantic was done. I have known what it was to be shipwrecked at sea, and to behold a vessel I had learned to love as my home engulfed in the foaming waters, but I never experienced anything like the emotion that filled my heart as I exclaimed "Good-by, old Atlantic, we shall never meet again!" It seemed like parting from an old friend in perfect health, with the full knowledge that he would never be seen again alive. Tears blinded my sight, and it required, I suppose, the same effort to enable me to leave the cherished "companion"—for so I had learned to look at it—of so many perils and so many pleasures as it does for a father to tear himself away from the coffin of a beloved child. Perhaps it was foolish and nonsensical; if it was, I can only say I could not help it.

But the departure must be made; so off we started to seek for civilization, deliverance, safety, home and friends. We shaped our course south of east, supposing that if we were in Canada that would bring us out on the Ottawa; or, if in the New York wilderness, which neither of us believed possible, that we should leave it on a direct line for Watertown. We soon found that we could only make a snail-like and most laborious progress. The bottom was soft; the bushes closely grown together and loaded with the deposits of the previous night's rain storm; and a dense mass of rubbish lining the way in every direction, having fallen from the trees, never perhaps cut, since God first planted the wilderness upon the soil. Every foot's progress cost us labor; and we began to appreciate the very marked uncertainty whether we should die far from the balloon or not.

After laboring on about three-quarters of a mile, we came upon a creek, the general course of which was to the north-west, but exceedingly tortuous. Here we found a rude wooden trap used for catching martens; a little clearing, with indications of a fire at some past time; and a half-barrel, with the marks, "Mess Pork—P. M.—Montreal." This apprised us that civilized man had been upon the spot before us, and also removed whatever uncertainty we had as to being in Canada. More than this—it buoyed us up in the hope, in which we were destined to marked and severe disappointment, that we were about to come upon human habitations.

A brief debate decided us to follow the stream on the north side, it being much easier to walk in the grass and water along the bank, than to crowd our way through the tangled bushes, and over the underbrush. After following the creek about two miles, finding my weight uncomfortably increased—so much as to fatigue me—by saturation by water, I removed my woollen drawers and woollen socks; tore off about six inches from the bottom of my pants, and threw away my hat, which was a serious impediment in going through the bushes. Having on only light gaiters, I retained them as protections for my feet.

Here we found a small round stick of timber, in the creek, which we both mounted, and cutting some elders, poled across the creek, landing wet enough, and somewhat "blown" upon the other side. We here left the water course, and entered a tamarack swamp, in which we very soon found a blazed path—that is, a road marked by cutting trees—which bore to the westward, following the general course of the creek. There were human tracks here, but they were very old, having evidently been made in the spring. Nevertheless, the walking was the best we had seen since leaving the balloon, and we made up our minds to follow the route.

We journeyed in this direction about five miles, when we suddenly struck the creek again, and upon its west side there was—could we believe our eyes!—a lumber shanty. Joy: Deliverance was at hand. Eagerly we rushed forward, expecting to meet a human welcome. Oh, misery! It was deserted, and plentiful indications existed that many storms had beaten upon it since its residents had occupied it. Here, too, we found several lumber roads leading into the woods: all of which we followed to their ends, supposing we might find some men cutting timber. Disappointment again. All the roads terminated in those impenetrable wilds, and there was nothing to indicate human presence.

In one of these roads we found two tiny white frogs. They were the first "food" we had seen in twenty-four hours. Perhaps they were not eaten—probably they were. Not hind-quarters alone; we were not dainty: fore-quarters, head, bones, and all. I never tasted a sweeter morsel in my life, and my companion came to the conclusion that Boyer could not have fabricated a more tempting morsel. Yet the unsatisfied, longing cry of our stomachs was, "Give! give!—more! more!" But no more dainty little frogs—not even a snake—responded; and we went without. We thought we knew what it was to feel hungry then; we found afterward that we were only taking the first rudiments in our lesson.

We made up our minds to lodge in the shanty all night, and, as it was evident that the creek had been used for drifting lumber—probably to the Ottowa—in the morning we would build a raft, and follow its course as far as we could, living on clams and frogs on the way. Alas! it was easy to talk about clams and frogs, but it was not easy to get them, as we found. I crossed on a small raft, and sent it back to Mr. Haddock; but he was the heaviest man; the raft rolled heavily under him, and he was precipitated into the stream, having to swim for dear life to shore. This was very uncomfortable. We had no means of kindling a fire to dry the garments of the drenched *voyageur*. We found in the shanty some straw that had been used by its occupants for beds. I tried to strike fire in the Indian fashion, by rubbing two sticks together, and by drawing a small piece of rope we found rapidly across a peg, but both failed: after using all my strength, I only got up a heat of about 100 degrees. So we crawled under the straw, piled it about us, and made the best of circumstances. But we were both very wet, and as a consequence, our rest was much broken by dreadful cold and chills.

In the morning, we took the scooped boards from the roof of the shanty, lashed four of them together with grass ropes, and started down the stream. At this place, as we afterward learned, we were within less than three miles of a cleared tract of 200 acres in the heart of the woods, used for raising food for the lumbermen of Gilmour & Co. If we had only been aware of the fact then, how much subsequent suffering we might have avoided.

After going about twelve rods from the shanty, we came upon a pine tree, which had fallen directly across the creek, and rendered it necessary to take our raft apart. While I was doing this, we heard two distinct shots from a gun, apparently not far distant. We shouted repeatedly with all our might, and getting our raft together as soon as possible, hastened down the stream, but came upon no one. We concluded then we must have been mistaken; but afterward learned the shots we heard were made by the cook of the farm, who was killing partridges in the woods.

After travelling about three miles down the creek, we came upon a lake. We paddled, in search of an outlet, entirely around this lake, a distance of about five miles, then found it turning to the right, about four rods from the point where we started. Entering this, after travelling about four miles, we found that we had been retracing our steps, as we came upon a signal on the bank erected to indicate the point where we had abandoned the balloon. We continued poling down the creek all day—weary, exhausted, almost broken down with effort—and yet seeing nothing to indicate any probability of relief for our sore distresses. As night approached, a cold, drizzling rain commenced falling. But there was no life for us there; our only hope, if hope there was, was in pushing on, and still on. So the poles splashed in the water, and we crowded upon them our heavy weight, until 8½ o'clock at night. Then we were obliged to stop; and, having selected on the forbidding bank a spot more favorable for landing than any other, we pushed our impromptu vessel ashore, climbed over the clayey soil, and curled ourselves up, muskrat-fashion, under a projecting and partially protecting shelf of earth—our backs poorly serving as umbrellas to shield the rest of our bodies from the storm that would beat in upon us. And so ended the second day of our experience in the woods.

We could not sleep. We were too weary; too chilly; too sad; too anxious. Soon after 12 o'clock the rain slackened, and we took advantage of the pause to pole a short distance, when the flood-gates were re-opened, and the storm beat upon us once more. Again we were obliged to stop; again we courted sleep in vain. The winds sighed mournfully through the branches of the trees, like the wailing of a funeral dirge; and the feeble rippling of the creek was in mournful harmony with the ebbing flow of our lives and spirits. We could not stand the dreariness, nor the presages of our own thoughts; so up, and off again. Daylight found us poling down the creek; dripping with water; chilled to the very marrow of our bones—pale and hollow-eyed; and with those terrible sensations of ringing in the head, dryness of the lips, and parching of the throat, that precede starvation. We had not slept over an hour in the night, and only the most extreme exhaustion could have insured us so much rest.

About 7 o'clock, we reached a rapid half a mile in length, bottomed with rocks. We abandoned the raft here, but after walking a mile, found our salvation depended upon going back, and getting it down the creek. We soon had it apart, and floated it down stick by stick; wading up to our waists on the slippery stones of the rapids, to dislodge the timbers there. Mr. Haddock fell three times in doing this work, at one time breaking the compass, and rendering it completely useless. About 10½ o'clock, the raft was below the rapids, together again and we were poling down the stream. It was Sabbath—but in those woods, Sabbath was eternal, and unbroken. Might it not presage a never-ending Sabbath for us? However, we dismissed gloominess, and with a prayer of thankfulness to the God who amid so many hazards had spared us, toiled wearily on.

About 12 o'clock we entered a large lake. Never more cheerless prospect opened on mortal vision. Perhaps weeks must pass before we would find the outlet. And then—what then? Never mind: on we went, striking to the right, close to the bank, and poling—poling—poling, along the numerous bays and indentations. Eye never looked upon more magnificent scenery. Embosomed in a great basin scooped out amid noble hills; surrounded by beautiful evergreen trees; dotted with little islands; and reflecting in its pellucid bosom the deep blue of the sky—painter could not have had more noble study. But where was our brother man; the curling smoke of human habitation; the welcome face of sympathy; the beaming eye of intelligence? Alas! alas! without these, cold, dreary and sombre, to two worn, starving men—lost in the trackless wilderness—would have been the most matchless scene in nature's broad domain.

So we strained on. Night found us not more than one-fourth of the way around the lake, and still no signs of its outlet. We had eaten nothing but high-bush cranberries, acrid and destitute of nutriment—an injury rather than a benefit. About 7 o'clock the wind commenced blowing, and as we were on the lee-shore, we decided to travel no further that night. So we drew our raft up on the bank, went into the woods, and lay down. We had nothing else to do. No supper troubled our digestion. Another awful, shivering, dreary night—and a gray, hazy, comfortless morning. We were dying, starving, perishing by inches. And yet something whispered to me that we should be saved. It seemed as if I could hear a voice telling me that I must live to cross the ocean with a balloon. And my hopes so encouraged me that I could not help singing a simple refrain.

We started on again, the sunbeams breaking for the first time in two days. Three miles progress brought us to what appeared to be the outlet of a river opening into a smaller lake. This cheered us. We began to hope we had reached a large stream. But when we reached the end—misery!—there was no outlet—a small creek set into the lake. With hope almost gone, we started wearily back toward the large lake we had left. Mr. Haddock here began to look upon our fate as sealed. He was brave as man could be. The thought of death had no terrors for him. But he mourned to think of the desolation of his wife and family. How little we knew what God had in store for us! I cheered my friend as well as I could, and with great regret we turned back. We had gone but a mile when we heard the report of a gun, quickly succeeded by another. How the blood bounded in our veins! Hope revived within our breasts. We halloed as loudly as our feeble strength would allow us, but got no answer, and heard no other reports. We were beginning to despair again, when Mr. Haddock called my attention to smoke curling over the trees near the opposite shore of the lake. His sight had become dim, and he could not surely distinguish it from a fog. But mine was better. I knew it came from a fire. And as I looked, oh, joy, there was a canoe hauled upon the bank—though it looked like a log at first. We were strong men again. Noiselessly we paddled across, fearful if the fire was that of an uncivilized Indian, he might be frightened away without assisting us. The canoe was turned bottom-side up on the bank. Under it were a gun, two coats, and a sack containing a dead duck. Mr. Haddock started to hunt up the owner, and I seized and commenced stripping the duck, intending to eat it uncooked. But that was not necessary. In less than five minutes an Indian boy appeared upon the bank. I addressed him first in English, then in French. He answered in the latter, and asked me to follow him. I did so, hardly able to drag my body along. About twenty rods from the shore, amid the woods, I entered the shanty from which the smoke had curled. God be praised! There was my companion, conversing with a generous-looking Scotchman; around him a number of athletic timber-cutters; and near by, a table laden with carrots, potatoes, pork, and so forth—all the heart could wish for. The revulsion was almost too much, but Providence was kind. Everybody can imagine the rest. At first, food had no more taste to us than chips. We ate sparingly at first, as our stomachs were able to bear, and were more ravenous as we became stronger.

[Mr. La Mountain concludes with a brief account of their travel homeward.]

PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING AGRICULTURE.—At the recent meeting of this society, Dr. Kennedy exhibited to the society a number of stalks of black oats grown in England. The stalks are nearly six feet high, and the heads unusually large and fine. The average yield to the acre of these oats was from 110 to 120 bushels. Eight potatoes of the peach bloom species, grown on one vine, were also presented. The germ of these potatoes was a small one left in the ground during the entire winter.—Mr. Ingersoll, who presented the specimens, stated that he had done so for the purpose of bringing up the question as to the depth that should be observed in planting potatoes. His field crop was planted to the depth of six inches and had been a failure. The germ of those presented was not more than three inches in the ground. Mr. Harrison said the present season was favorable to shallow planting, in consequence of the wet season. He had found that from four to five inches was the best depth to suit our changeable seasons. Other members expressed their faith in deep planting. Mr. Willits had made experiments in manure for potatoes this season. He mixed coal ashes with guano and plaster and put this on one half acre, and on another half acre adjoining he put barn-yard manure, and he obtained double the quantity of potatoes from the half acre manured with the guano, coal ashes, and plaster. The sub-soil is a clay loam and on the rise of a small hill. Wherever there was a low place in the land the potatoes rotted. Mr. W. had also tried it on corn, in a stony soil, and found it beneficial. Mr. Ingersoll was satisfied that coal ashes benefitted the land, though in a less degree when compared with wood ashes. Dr. Elwyn thought that the application of mixed manures as mentioned by Mr. Willits, had prevented the rot in potatoes, while barn-yard manure used for a number of years had a tendency to cause the rot. A communication was received from Mr. West, a delegate of the society, to visit the Farmers' High School of Centre county, in which it was stated that the results of the farm so far had been very satisfactory. Mr. McGowen, a delegate to the United States Fair, held at Chicago, reported that the receipts of the exhibition amounted to $35,000 and the expenses to over $20,000.

BRUNEL, THE ENGINEER.—The London correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* has the following:

"The death of Isambard Brunel has excited much sympathy. The verdict on him might be 'Killed by the Great Eastern'—but less by the anxiety consequent upon the completion and starting of the big ship, than by the mortification and disappointment at the cost and bungling of her launching. With that daring independence, or rather defiance of settled opinion, which distinguished Brunel, he had made arrangements for the moving of the Leviathan to the water which were in contradiction with many doctrines hitherto accepted as axioms in ship launching. Mr. Scott Russell made an offer to the Company to contract for the launching for an expense of £15,000. Mr. Brunel poohpoohed the figure, as needlessly costly. His own arrangements cost the Company close on £100,000. Yet he never swerved, after once determining on his course. Audacity was one leading feature of Brunel's engineering character. I heard an anecdote which illustrates this strikingly. Brunel held views in contradiction to those of his brethren, as to the employment of a peculiar kind of Roman cement in railway bridge building. Other engineers objected to its use, as it hardened too fast to allow the work to settle properly. Not so Brunel. Trusting to his own view, he used this mortar in one of the first large bridges constructed by them for the Great Western line. It fell soon after its erection. Brunel entered the room where the Directors were assembled, in discomfitted conclave, to discuss the accident. 'I congratulate you, gentleman, on the fall of —— bridge,' was Brunel's entry on the subject. 'Congratulate us! on an accident involving disaster and the loss of —— pounds!' was the angry and amazed rejoinder. 'Certainly,' said Brunel coolly. 'I was just about to put up two hundred bridges on the same principle.'"

THE MCFLIMSEYS.—The New York *Express* charged the ladies with over-dressing. Miss Flora McFlimsey sends a letter in reply. We quote:

"I call upon you first, sir, to look at me in my ball dress; and I select that because it is supposed that a woman in a ball dress is the costliest dressed of all women. Sir, I have not clothes enough on, as everybody can see to keep a woman warm, to say nothing of what propriety and decency require. There is not a beggar in New York who does not go into the street with more clothes than I have on; and yet you have the impudence to abuse me, when I reiterate with solemn truth, my 'Nothing to Wear.' There is nothing on my arms; look at them, sir, for you may as well look at them as any other body in the street. There is nothing on my arms, from my wrists onward and upward, as you can readily see. Eve herself, in Paradise, was scarcely with less clothing than I have here on these two arms. Then, there is nothing on my neck, or next to nothing; and if a poor, humble woman of this world can wear less on her shoulders than I, the Belle Flora, wear, I should like to see and aid the poverty of that hapless woman. My robe is looped up over my shoulders, and hence the neck, bust, arms, &c., that God blessed me with when I came into the world, are just as he gave them to me. Now, sir, if you do not blush when you see this, or when I tell it to you, all I can say is, blushing is departed from man."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 156—Adults 69, and children 87.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

RELICS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION—RETURN OF THE ARCTIC STEAMER FOX—REPORTED SETTLEMENT OF THE ITALIAN QUESTION—CONFLICTING RUMORS—THE CHINESE EXPEDITION—RENEWED ILLNESS OF THE POPE—DECLINE IN COTTON AND BREADSTUFFS.

The Indian brings Liverpool dates to the 28th ult.

The conferences at Zurich were again progressing. A Paris correspondent of the London Times says it is believed that the conference will terminate in a few days. Sardinia, however, utterly refuses to assent to the restoration of the Dukes, and will not agree to a confederation under the present circumstances. Should a European Congress take place, Spain has asked to be represented. The Paris and Brussels newspapers state that Prince Albert will represent England in the proposed Congress. The repairs on the Great Eastern are going actively forward, but it is considered doubtful whether she can be got ready during the month of October. The telegraph cable between Malta and Sicily had been laid, and business commenced upon it. The London Times, in an article on the San Juan difficulty, laments that the former treaty should have left any pretext for disagreement, and says it is a case for the shortest possible settlement. The members of the British Association for the Advancement of science had been entertained by the Queen at Balmoral. The Earl of Derby had carried out his threat to clear his Doon estate in Ireland, so far as to have every tenant served with a formal notice to quit. The incentive, it will be remembered, was the difficulty experienced in tracing out a murderer, and the conviction that the tenantry threw impediments in the way of his discovery. The case had attracted much attention. The Bey of Tunis died on the 22nd of September, and the presumptive heir had been installed. Mail dates from Kong Hong to August 10, had reached London. Nothing of any moment had occurred since the affair of Peiho. A Russian authority estimates the loss of the Chinese at the Peiho at 1,000 killed. The number of the wounded is not stated. One of the Hong Kong newspapers states that Mr. Ward, the American Plenipotentiary, was still aboard his ship, and as little likely to obtain the ratification of his treaty as the English Minister. Another journal speaks of the probability of his having gone on to Pekin; and a Russian despatch, published at St. Petersburg, says he arrived in Pekin, but was kept in confinement.

At Shanghae, black Teas were 30 per cent. higher than the previous season, while the quality was inferior. In Japan affairs had assumed a very unsatisfactory position. On the 11th of July the British treaty was duly ratified. Since then the Japanese government had attempted to evade it by seeking to confine the foreigners to a small island about ten miles from Yeddo. They further sought to establish a new coin as the only one to be used in commercial dealings with foreigners, although, according to the treaty, foreign coins were to be received at their intrinsic value. The present arrangement of the Japanese produced a depression of six per cent. The British Consul had issued a protest and stopped the trade for the present.

RECORDS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.—The screw steamship FOX, Captain McClintock, sent by Lady Franklin to the Arctic regions, in search of the traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition, had returned to England, having been completely successful.

At Point William, on the north-west coast of King William's Island, a record was found dated April 25th, 1848, signed by Captains Crozier and Fitz James. The record says the Eribus and Terror were abandoned three days previously, in the ice, five leagues to the N. N. W., and that the survivors, in all amounting to 105, were proceeding to Great Fish River.

Sir John Franklin had died on June 11th, 1847, and the total deaths to date had been nine officers and fifteen men.

Many deeply interesting relics of the expedition were found on the western shore of King William's Island, and others were obtained from the Esquimaux, who stated that, after their abandonment, one of the ships was crushed in the ice, and the other forced on shore.

The Fox was unable to penetrate beyond Bellot's Straits, and wintered in Brentford Bay.

Minute and interesting details of the expedition are published.

Several skeletons of Franklin's men, large quantities of clothing, etc., and a duplicate record, up to the abandonment of the ship, were discovered.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.—The London Morning Herald gives prominence to the following paragraph: "We have reason to believe that a definitive treaty of peace will soon be concluded at Zurich. It will, however bear the signatures of only two powers, France and Austria. The preliminaries of Villa Franca will be strictly maintained as to the relations of Austria and Sardinia. We learn from Vienna that the preliminaries of peace will serve as a guide for the conduct of Austria."

A Berne dispatch says, a courier from Vienna had reached Zurich with instructions to draw up a treaty of peace, and a document for the cession of Lombardy to Sardinia. No allusion is made to the Duchies. It is hoped that a treaty will be signed in a few days.

It is asserted that the result of the visit of the King of the Belgians to the Emperor Napoleon, at Biarritz, was fully successful, and various rumors are afloat with regard to the arrangements entered into.

The London Times' Paris correspondent says that one report was that the question of the Duchies had been settled, and that Tuscany was to be reigned over by the King of the Belgian's second son, and Parma and Modena, by Maximillian. Another report says that the Count of Flanders is to have the three Italian Duchies, and the Arch-Duke Maximillian Venetia, with separate constitutions. These reports are not authenticated, and must be taken for what they are worth.

ENGLAND.—The American occupation of the Island of San Juan attracts considerable attention in the journals. The Times treats it mildly, and winds up with saying that *it would be hard indeed, if children of the same stock, who can feel the sympathies of blood and lineage, as they were felt and expressed in the waters of the Peiho, shall find much difficulty in adjusting a petty boundary question on the coast of the Pacific.*

The London Post also again refers to the subject, and says, if the importance of San Juan to the two countries be considered, there can be no doubt that its possession by England may be said to be absolutely necessary to the security of British Columbia. It thinks the Government of Washington can have nothing to gain by the adoption of the violent and unjustifiable proceedings of Harney.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—Thirty of the crew of the Great Eastern had been arrested and tried at Weymouth, for mutinous conduct, in refusing to wash the decks when ordered. The two ringleaders were sentenced for three weeks and a month's imprisonment, respectively, at hard labor, and the remainder for a fortnight each. The evidence showed that the ship's crew was far from complete.

The English journals strongly denounce the incomplete and hurried manner in which the ship was sent to sea. A vague rumor has been current, that her first voyage would be postponed till next year, and that in the interim she would be exhibited at the principal ports in the kingdom. This, however, is authoritatively contradicted, and she is still advertised to leave Holyhead for Portland, Maine, on the 20th of October.

It is announced that the Queen, on her way back from Scotland, will visit the Great Eastern off Holyhead, on the 17th, and stay at Penrhyn Castle, as the guest of Col. Penant.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At the agricultural show at Lewes, a steam chain cutter exploded, killing four persons.

Upwards of a thousand marines, strong detachments of the rifle brigade, two light infantry regiments, etc., were to leave England for China, by the Overland route.

The first of the squadron for service against China had already sailed. The government intended despatching fifty gunboats, besides frigates and other vessels of war.

Robert Stephenson, the eminent engineer, is reported as dangerously ill.

Paris rumor was that there was to be no Chinese expedition: that the head of the Mandarin offending at Peiho had been proffered in atonement, coupled with promises to make all the satisfaction that can be required, and that the Ambassadors will be immediately received at Pekin.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald regards the scheme of placing a Belgian Prince on the Tuscan throne as a ridiculous canard.

Numerous political exiles had arrived at Marseilles.

THE LATEST.—The Paris correspondent of the London Spectator, who on several occasions has communicated early and authentic news, asserts that Napoleon accepts the plan of the King of the Belgians, gives the fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua and the States of Parma and Modena to Sardinia, and reinstates the House of Lorraine in Tuscany, and restores the Legations to the Pope. After introducing a variety of reforms, Venetia is to have governmental institutions and an army of its own, under the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, under the title of Grand Duke of Venetia. These stipulations have the concurrence of Austria. An European Congress is also to be held at Brussels, presided over by the King.

The Paris Patrie partially confirms the above.

The Sardinian Government has issued a circular denying the reported cession of Savoy to France.

The Pope is in a very alarming State. Cardinal Antonelli has declared him unfit to attend to public affairs.

The report that Serrano had been appointed Captain General of Cuba, was fully confirmed.

Schamyl was betrayed for a bribe of six million roubles. The Circassians continue in war against Russia.

The report of the foundation of the kingdom of Central Italy, under the Court of Flanders, is positively denied.

LONDON, Saturday Afternoon.—In the treaty with the Cochin-Chinese, the French Admiral obtained four important concessions, viz.:

The exercise of the Christian religion.

A treaty of commerce.

The cession of the town of Legan and adjoining territory.

And the recognition of the rights of the French to the Bay of Suxom.

The health of the King of Prussia is worse.

The harvest of Belgium will be only two-thirds of the average.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that Cherbourg is about to be armed completely on a war footing, with rifled cannon for all the batteries.

THE MARKETS.—Sept. 23.—Cotton—All qualities have declined ¼d. and for interior grades the decline is still more. Holders offer freely, but show no disposition to press sales. The sales to-day (Friday) have been 6000 bales, the market closing quiet but steady.

Breadstuffs—All qualities show a declining tendency. Messrs. Richardson & Spence report Flour as dull, and quotations barely maintained. New American Flour is quoted at 25s@26s per bbl. Wheat is dull at a decline of 1d@2d per cental. Sales of red at 7s 4d@9s; white, 9s@9s 9d. Corn dull at 6d decline. Mixed Corn, 5s 8d@5s 1d, white, 5s 9d@6s 2d; white, 7s@7s 6d.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 23rd—Provisions—The market closed steady: Beef is steady; Pork quiet, and quotations are nominal; bacon dull, and holders are pressing on the market.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday, Sept. 24, P. M.—Breadstuffs are dull, but steady. Provisions steady, but sales unimportant.

LONDON, Saturday, Sept. 24, P. M.—Consols are at 95¼@95¾ for both money and account.

FOUR DAYS LATER MARKETS, Sept. 27.—The quotations of Cotton were unchanged on the 27th, though inferior qualities were slightly lower. At Manchester, business was better and prices improving.

Flour steady; Wheat 1s. lower. Corn declining; Beef firm; Pork dull.

RELICS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—From the English journals received by the Canada, we take the following interesting items relative to Sir John Franklin. Capt. McClintock, upon his arrival, sent the following information to the Admiralty:

Most of our information was received from an intelligent old woman. She said it was in the fall of the year that the ship was forced ashore. Many of the white men dropped by the way, as they went toward the Great River; but this was only known to them in the winter following, when their bodies were discovered.

Further discoveries were subsequently made: On the twenty-fourth of May, when about ten mile eastward of Cape Herchel, a bleached skeleton was found, around which lay fragments of European clothing. Upon carefully removing the snow, a small pocket-book was found, containing a few letters; these, although much decayed, may yet be deciphered. Judging from the remains of his dress, this unfortunate young man was a steward or officer's servant, and his position exactly verified the Esquimaux's assertion, that they fell as they walked along."

When in lat. 69° 9′ N., and long. 99° 27′ W., we came to large boat, discovered by Lieut. Hobson a few days previously, as his notice informed me. It appears that this boat had been intended for the ascent of the Fish River, but was abandoned apparently upon a return journey to the ships, the sledge upon which she was mounted being pointed in that direction. She measured twenty-eight feet in length, by seven and one-half feet wide, was most carefully fitted, and made as light as possible, but the sledge was of solid oak and almost as heavy as the boat.

A large quantity of clothing was found within her, also two human skeletons. One of these lay in the after part of the boat, under a pile of clothing; the other, which was much more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Five pocket watches, a quantity of silver spoons and forks, and a few religious books, were also found, but no journals, pocket books, or even names upon any articles of clothing. Two double barrelled guns stood upright against the boat's side, precisely as they had been placed eleven years before. One barrel in each was loaded and cocked; there was ammunition in abundance, also thirty or forty pounds of chocolate, some tea and tobacco. Fuel was not wanting; a drift tree lay within one hundred yards of the boat.

Captain McClintock says, from all that can be gleaned from the record paper and the evidence afforded by the boat and various articles of clothing and equipment discovered, it appears that the abandonment of the Erebus and Terror had been deliberately arranged, and every effort exerted during the third winter to render the travelling equipments complete. It is much to be apprehended that disease had greatly reduced the strength of all on board—far more, perhaps, than they themselves were aware of. The distance by sledge route from the position of the ships when abandoned to the boat, is 65 geographical miles, and from the ships to Montreal Island 220 miles. The most perfect order seems to have existed throughout.

FLORIDA ELECTION.—Augusta, Oct. 10.—Returns of the Florida election have been received, but they are incomplete. Judge Dupont appears most certain of election to the Chief Justiceship. The popular vote shows a decided opposition to the annexation of West Florida to Alabama.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XLI.

MISTS DISPERSING.

I must go back to the evening of the first day of the trial.

It was dark, and I sat, sadly enough, beside a blazing fire in a small sitting-room in the Hotel de l'Europe, at Lille. A dull lamp stood by my elbow, and some untouched coffee upon the table. My thoughts were very gloomy—"deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse." The past was terrible and tragic; the future crossed and perplexed by many doubts.

To escape from the remembrance of all that had filled my mind for the last few weeks, I found myself turning with an irresistible tenderness towards the image of my gentle Margaret:

Oh sweet, pale Margaret,
Oh, rare, pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail,
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?

I dwelt, with a satisfaction the more exquisite since it contrasted so strongly with the suffering through which I had lately passed, upon that singularly calm and lovely nature—that capacity of endurance and enjoyment—that patient courage—that love of knowledge—that rapidity and tenacity of apprehension—that childish self-abandonment to the full luxury of simple pleasures, all and each of which unfolded themselves by slow degrees from the outward reserve of her disposition.

It was as if her mind were some charmed volume, whose silver clasps resist the merely curious hand, but yield to the touch of lover or friend! Fair and pleasant are its pages within; inscribed with gracious thoughts and images, and pious hymns, and fragments of stories beautiful and wise; illuminated, moreover, with borderings of flowers, and pictures of the knightly Gothic times, and forms of saints and angels with folded hands and crowns of golden glory.

Dreaming thus, and watching the pictures in the fire, I suffered time to pass on unnoticed. It was so pleasant to think of her—to recall her words and gestures, and the memory of her face. Yet—

How, in thy twilight, Doubt, at each unknown
Dim shape, the superstitious Love will start:
How Hope itself will tremble at its own
Light shadow on the heart!
Ah! if she love me not!

Well: I will know the worst, and leave the wind
To drift or drown the venture on the wave;
Life has two friends in grief itself most kind
Remembrance and the Grave—
Mine, if she love me not!

Alas! these doubts and weary changes! They overshadow life like a dark dream.

Suddenly a slow footfall on the stairs, and a hand upon the door roused me sharply from my reverie. It was Vogelsang.

He looked more wretched and haggard than ever, and, walking up to the other side of the fireplace, sat down moodily without speech or greeting. He did not even remove his hat; but stared into the fire with a stern, sullen countenance, and sighed heavily.

I found myself in no humor to interrupt his strange mood, or open the conversation, so I leaned back and looked at him.

What a singular face it was! Seen by the dim conflicting lights of fire and lamp, how pale, and worn, and prematurely old! There was a delicacy, too, in the outline of the features, and a certain stamp of youth yet lingering round the eyes and forehead that interested me—a settled purpose in the furrowed brow, the massive jaw, the square, short chin, that riveted my attention, and told of strong will and passions. I wondered what might be the story of his past life—a remarkable story it must be, a story of storms, and trials, and endeavors, by the ravage of its progress through the years!

"I return to Paris, to-morrow morning," he said at length; but musingly and to himself, as it were, with his eyes fixed on the fire.

"So soon? Will you not remain till this business is concluded?"

He shook his head.

"*Che bene?* My evidence is given. I can be of no use. I must go back to—to my task."

"Uselessly. Where the police fail, how can you hope to succeed?"

He looked round sharply and suddenly; then, resuming his former attitude, but speaking in a slower and more resolute tone,

"I *must* find her," he said. "I have sworn it. It is all I live for now, and though I perish for it, body and soul, I will have my vengeance."

"Retribution is already at work," I replied, "and punishment is for the law."

He appeared not to hear me, and, after a pause, resumed his former subject.

"Yes," he said, "I return to-morrow; and in the fulfillment of one task, I leave others unaccomplished. How soon will this trial end?"

"In a few days, I suppose. Perhaps three or four."

"And then what shall you do?"

"What shall I do? I—I can scarcely tell. Why do you ask me?"

"Shall you go back to Brussels?"

"Yes—I suppose so; on my way to Burgundy."

"Then you mean to live upon your estates again?"

"Perhaps."

Another long silence, which I interrupted by saying,

"It is strange, Herr Vogelsang, that you should make these inquiries. I never knew you interested in my proceedings before."

"True. So you will return through Belgium?"

I nodded.

Vogelsang rose abruptly and took three or four turns up and down the room, like a man who weighs some subject in his mind, and can arrive at no decision. Presently he stopped; his features assumed a look of resolve, and he turned towards me.

"I have a sister in Brussels," he said.

"Indeed!"

"The only creature I have to care for in the world. The only one who cares for me."

I became interested.

"I never heard that you had a sister," I said, kindly. "Tell me something about her. Can I do anything for you in Brussels?"

"That is what I was about to ask you. I should wish some things told to her—something of this—this bad business. I could not write it down on paper, and she ought to know. And there is a portrait which I should like her to have." Here he took a small morocco case from his pocket, and laid it down gently on the table. "It—it is our mother's."

There was a softness in his voice, a moisture in his eyes, that I had never seen there before.

I felt touched.

"It shall be done as you desire," I said. "Tell me all that I have to say."

He sighed heavily, and covered his eyes with his hand.

"Tell her how all has ended. Something of the past she knows, but not all. I could not bring myself to relate to her the details of that degrading story. Do it as delicately as you can, and—and say that I don't think—I fear—that is, she may never see me again."

"What do you mean?"

"No matter. Will you do it?"

"I have promised."

"But I have not said all. There is something more—something which—which I can scarcely take the liberty of asking from you."

"Proceed."

He hesitated, seemed about to speak, yet checked himself more than once, and at length continued.

"My sister is younger than myself. We have been very much apart ever since our childhood. If I tell you something of our story, you will be better able to help me—at all events, you may be less likely to refuse what I am going to request."

"Pray do so. It is exactly what I would have asked you if I dared."

He passed his hand fondly over the portrait-case—turned towards the fire—and, resuming his former musing attitude, began.

"I will presume that you remember all I told you once before—on the night I first addressed you in Brussels. How I married in compliance with an old family agreement, being, at the time, little more than a boy. How I yielded to my father's entreaties—married, and, at last, loved her. How she wronged, robbed, fled me—left me poor, broken-hearted, and dishonored! Yes—you know all this. No use to dwell upon it. My mother was—was living at the time of my marriage, and, thank Heaven! she died before a year had passed (before I was made reckless and a wanderer)—leaving my father broken-hearted for her loss, and one little girl just six years old. That was eleven years ago. She is now seventeen, and I am thirty! Thirty! alas! I both feel and look many years older. When—when Therese became infamous, I left Vienna and my accursed home. I roamed from city to city, from land to land, in the vain search for a peace that was fled. From Germany to Italy, Switzerland, France, I wandered, and at last reached England, where I spent the last two years and a half. I procured a mean employment in a solicitor's office, and so contrived to eke out a subsistence, which, wretched though it was, occupied my time and thoughts, and rendered me a trifle less miserable than I had been since my—my voluntary separation from father, sister, and home. Besides, though I had no relatives there, and should not have known them if I had, England was my native country, and I liked—"

"Your native country, Herr Vogelsang!" I exclaimed. "Are you not a Viennese? an Austrian subject?"

He shook his head.

"She was Austrian; but my family is English."

"Yet your name?"

"The name," he said, "is one which she chose to assume on returning to the stage seven or eight months ago. It is not mine, or hers."

"And, pardon me, she acted before you married her?"

"It was her profession; her innate vocation from childhood. My father and I were violin players in the orchestra at the Royal Opera. We left England when I was scarcely ten years of age, before Margaret was born—"

"Margaret!"

I had sprang to my feet at the sound of that name—my heart beat wildly—I trembled from head to foot. Margaret.

He looked up, amazed at my agitation, and replied—

"Yes—Margaret. My sister."

It was all clear to me now—there could be no mistake about it—the mist was dissolving before my eyes, and I dared not trust myself to follow the chain of hopes and guesses that ran, like an electric current, through my mind.

"Your name is Fletcher!" I cried, scarce able to articulate. "Your name is Fletcher!"

He started.

"How did you know that?"

"Tell me, in pity tell me!"

"Yes; my name is Fletcher. Frank Fletcher."

"Thank God! thank God!" It was all that I could say.

I sank back, in my agitation, into the chair from whence I had risen. The tears thronged to my eyes. Oh, dear, dear Margaret!

My companion was almost dumb with surprise.

"What do you know of me—or of Margaret?" he asked.

I answered his question with another.

"Did not your father die at Ems—in the summer-time—of brain fever?"

Now he, too, was suddenly enlightened—a deep flush crossed his sallow cheek—he rose and extended his hand to me, for the first time.

"I know you now," he said, warmly, "I wish that I had known you from the first. You were my father's friend—you are Margaret's protector. I thank you."

He seemed quite overcome. Then, taking the portrait from the table, he opened and placed it in my hands.

"My mother and hers," he said, falteringly. "Do you think it like her?"

I could scarcely refrain from pressing it to my lips; but that the presence of her brother, and a certain awe which I am unable to define, restrained me. It was Margaret herself, only a shade fairer and more blooming, and dressed in the fashion of some twenty years ago. The same calm forehead—the same sweet mouth—the same dark, thoughtful, earnest eyes!

There was a question trembling on my lips—a question which I longed, yet dared not, to ask. At length, after many efforts, I ventured.

"You saw Margaret, of course, when you were in Brussels?"

"Only twice."

"Once at night—in the park?"

"Yes—once in the park, and once at the school. You know I kept out of sight, as much as possible, during the daytime."

"And in the park, that night, Margaret was speaking to you of me—you were urging her to concealment—was it not so?"

"Yes—yes. How do you know this?"

"I overheard you. I was in the next walk, and only separated from you by a hedge. Oh! had I but known all this before, what a weight of grief it would have spared me!"

He looked up at me sharply and inquiringly; but made no reply.

"And you gave her a ring, did you not?" (I was determined to have it all cleared now.)

"Yes," he said, very gravely. "I gave her a hair ring which had been our mother's. That and the portrait were both mine, and I had always intended to give one of them to Margaret, when she was of an age to value the relic. I left her an infant—I found her a woman; and I performed my promise. She had but to look in her mirror for our mother's portrait; so I gave her the ring, and kept the miniature. She will have both now."

"But why do you part with the likeness?"

A dark shade passed over his countenance—his very voice changed.

"I have devoted myself," he said, gloomily, "to the execution of a task. I will have an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth—justice, even justice, dispassionately weighed and measured. I shall not suffer vengeance to mislead me; but, once get her into my power, I will let her taste a cup to the full as bitter as that which she forced upon me. It shall be meted her, drop for drop, as it was meted to me. I will see her sufferings—I will be inflexible, pitiless, unwavering as time itself. In the working out of my plan, I bid adieu to the past and to the future. Neither the pleasures nor pains that have been shall sway me one hair's breadth. I detach myself from life; from its ties; from its remembrances; from its hopes; and I go forth alone in the wide world, seeking but one living being, and seeking that one with a deep and deadly hate—which is all the more a hate, and a bitter one, in so far as it is yet leavened by an ineradicable wild passion of jealousy and love."

"And what, in mercy's name, do you purpose doing?"

"I know not. I have not fashioned it out yet myself. Be it, however, when and what it may, I feel that I shall not long survive it, if at all. For years I have borne within me the seeds of a disease which knows no cure—a sudden and violent excitement would probably be, at any moment, my death-warrant—and I know that the fulfillment of my revenge will herald in my closing scene of life. Till then I am resolved to live. But enough of this. I return to Paris by dawn to-morrow, and you will undertake to deliver this portrait (the only wealth that I possess) to my little Margaret in Brussels."

"Most faithfully. But there was something else which you were about to request from me, and of which we have since lost sight. What was it?"

A grim smile flitted over his face.

"It related," said he, "to yourself. I had no opportunity of seeing Margaret's unknown protector, and I felt desirous to know something more of his character and position. In fact, I was going to ask you to discover all this for me—to ascertain the particulars of his family connexions, his age and prospects, and to sift his reputation to the bottom. I met Margaret, as I have told you, but twice; and both interviews were so brief, so anxious, so agitated, that I learnt nothing more than that a Monsieur Paul had been a friend to our father, and had attended his deathbed—that Margaret had been recommended to his care—that he was very rich, and benevolent, and good—that he had made her position in the school more comfortable and independent; and that he was teaching her to draw. All this I heard in fewer words than I have repeated, and no more. To me, you were Monsieur Paul, and I even believed that to be your surname. You see, I was about to request from you a troublesome and an important service."

"Nothing more than I would have done for you, Mr. Fletcher, were it not, fortunately, unnecessary. Of my family and rank you have heard sufficient upon the trial this day; and I rejoice to have it in my power to ask her brother's sanction before removing Margaret from the school where she is now placed, to my own residence in Burgundy. It is a step which I have long wished to take. My mother will receive her as if she were her own child; and I promise you, in her name and my own, that nothing which can add to her happiness, or her mental culture, shall be neglected."

Fletcher colored up again, and hesitated for several minutes before he made any reply.

"I appreciate your generosity, sir," he said, at length, "and I thank you for it. I could wish that my sister were—were less dependent on your bounty; but I have nothing, and my path lies far from her. It must be as you wish—it is to her advantage. I have, God knows! no right to mar her fortunes by my pride. I thank you, sir."

Hereupon he relapsed into his old stern, silent mood, and stared, as before, into the fire. Observing this, I hazarded one or two remarks, which he appeared not to hear or notice: but moved his lips now and then, as if speaking dumbly to himself, and shook his head mournfully in reply.

Thus a long time passed by, and the timepiece in the room struck ten o'clock. He started, rose hurriedly, and with the words, "Good night—farewell," moved abruptly towards the door.

I seized him by the arm.

"You are not going thus?" I exclaimed. "Leave me, at least, some address by which a letter might find you, if necessary."

He looked at me with a sort of dreamy surprise.

"An address!" he replied. "An address! I am homeless. I shall wander till I find her, though it be to the ends of the earth. How can I give you an address?"

"Then, at least, you will promise to write?"

He sighed and looked down irresolutely.

"For Margaret's sake! Stay—here is my card. I will write my own direction upon it—'Chateau de Latour, Latour-sur-Creil, Burgundy.' This will always find me, and Margaret also. See, how easily you can do this! Surely, for your sister's sake, you will promise so small a thing."

He stretched out his hand for the card; but made no reply.

I glanced at his threadbare coat, his worn and haggard countenance, his thin, yellow hand—a rapid thought flashed across my mind—I turned aside and wrapped the card in a couple of bank-notes before I gave it to him.

A peculiar expression passed over his face—he closed his hand over the card, and placed it in his waistcoat pocket—turned to leave the room—hesitated again—lingered—looked back—went out suddenly, and so parted from me without another word.

It struck me at the moment, and I have often fancied since, that he was aware of what I had done, and yet was too poor to refuse, and too proud to acknowledge, the gift.

Poor Fletcher! I never saw him again.

CHAPTER XLII.

COSMORAMAS.

As I left it in the gentle spring-time, so I find it in the still, bleak, sad November season. I stand in my own gothic library again—stand with the lifted curtain in my hand, looking upon the shadowy Apostles ranged on either side—upon the recesses filled with books of poetry and learning—upon the silver lamp with its amethyst globe, swinging softly to and fro in the gloom, like a censer in an unseen hand.

There stands my chair, as though I had risen from it but an hour since—there my reading desk and paper-case. The pen lies in the stand; but the ink has dried away, and the pen has rusted.

Slowly, almost doubtfully, I pass along between those colossal forms to the farthest end of the room, where I withdraw the heavy curtains, and look out into the night.

I have done this almost mechanically; yet, in one brief instant, a torrent of recollections rush over me; strange recollections of a warm passion, now cold and past—of a still, starry night in May, when the yellow moon hung low above the trees, and the nightingales revelled in the forest—of that almost forgotten moment when I first saw and loved Adrienne Lachapelle!

And now, how great the change! The moon is there; but her light is blue and cold—yonder black shadow is the leafless forest—the nightingales have fled long since—all is bare, and blank, and stern in the wide landscape.

And within? Ah me! the change within is yet greater!

Sighing, I drop the curtains and exclude the sullen view. Yonder lies my neglected atelier. Shall I enter? A feeling which is almost that of shame, restrains me. I hesitate. At last I overcome it, and go in.

There has been a gentle hand at work here also. I had half expected to find everything as I had left it on the last terrible day, and it is a relief to me to see all traces of my fury disappeared. Easels, furniture, lay-figures, all are ranged about the room in unartistic order. My sketches have been pinned against the wall. Some of my finished paintings are framed, and hang in the best situations. Even the Medicean Venus, which I ruthlessly shattered in my unreasoning passion, has been replaced.

On yonder easel, however, a picture has been left, as if awaiting the last touches of my pencil. Half-suspecting, half-dreading what it may be, I compel myself to cross over and examine it. As I thought! Cathedral, and penitent, and shadowy aisles—the last and most significant of my labors! I gaze upon it long and very earnestly, and then, almost sadly, I turn the canvas to the wall, and leave the room.

"Tis a dead past and a dead love, peace be to them! Forward, forward into the pleasant Future, made beautiful by the vision of another and a dearer face.

I loved Adrienne—I love Margaret. How like the words, yet how unlike the feeling! My love for Adrienne was a trance, an intoxication, a delirium. Her wondrous beauty dazzled and subdued me. It haunted my sleep; it went beside me in forest and field; it glided betwixt me and the sunlight; it rose out from the pages of philosopher and poet; it usurped the place of reason and thought—I had almost said, of religion! It passed over my soul like a summer-tempest, with lightning and thunder. In a word, it was the first deep, wild love of passionate manhood. Like a burning dream it came and went, and left, what such dreams leave—ashes and dust.

Not so, not so, my pale and patient Margaret, is this gentle affection which fills and satisfies my heart, and makes life holy. Thy fair calm face is ever with me, 'tis true; but it seems to read me a divine commentary on all that I do or think—it guides me, as the spirit of Beatrice guided the poet of old, from sphere to sphere of heavenly adoration. If in my sleep thou comest to me, it is in the likeness of a protecting angel; and only to think of thee, is a prayer!

I cannot remain apart from thee. An irresistible attraction draws me to thy side. Farewell, solitary library! There is another book, more enthralling in its pages than any volume here, which I must read to-night.

Three ladies are sitting silently together in the upper drawing-room. A blazing fire crackles and sparkles in the vast old-fashioned grate: the amber-damask draperies and antique mirrors throw back the bright reflection; and all, save the inmates, look glowing and cheerful.

Pale and statue-like, with her deep mourning dress, sits my mother in her high-backed chair. The embroidery lies neglected on her lap—her thin white hands are pressed firmly together—her blue eyes, once so cold and frosty, are fixed upon the fire with a softened and melancholy expression that is infinitely touching. Her thoughts are with her youngest born, wandering away, perhaps, to the time when he was an infant in her arms, or a bold and beautiful boy, reckless in the pursuit of pleasure and danger, foremost in the chase, and merriest at the vine-feast or the village *fete*.

Close beside her, with one hand resting on the arm of the high-backed chair, sits Adrienne, beautiful in her young widowhood, and clothed likewise in the deepest sables. She, too, is thinking, and her eyes, bent towards the ground, are shaded by the drooping lids and long fringed lashes.

Further back, shrinking into the shade like a little violet, sits my quiet Margaret. She holds a book in her hand, yet she is not reading. It is almost too dark in this recess to see her features distinctly, but her cheek rests on her palm, and her deep brown eyes glow through the dusk with an inner-light of soul and earnest thought. She is lost in an absorbing reverie, and, from that musing smile that seems to hover round the delicate mouth, I should say the day-dream is far from sorrowful.

Hitherto my entrance has been unperceived, but, as I advance nearer to their circle, my mother looks up and extends her hand lovingly towards me—Margaret glances round with a pleased, shy smile—Adrienne alone remains motionless and unobserving.

Thus I glide into the shadow and take my place by Margaret. We speak seldom, and then only in whispers; but our hearts are eloquent, and full of unuttered poetry.

By and by, I imprison one little hand in mine, and draw still nearer towards those downcast eyes. Now I can hear the subdued fluttering of her breath—mine stirs the silken curl beside her cheek—the hand is not withdrawn—we are both happy; both silent.

Les anges amoureux se parlent sans paroles,
Comme les yeux aux yeux!

It is winter, and the snow lies three feet deep in the courtyard. The trees look like great branches of white coral—the windows are covered with glittering traceries of feathers and frosted palm-trees—the vine-dressers' children have built up a colossal snow-man just outside the gate—the roads are blocked up from here to Chalons, and the post has not been in for nearly a week.

Ah, bitter chill, it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

We have done all that can be done to enliven the wintry solitude of Burgundy. Books, drawing, music, chess, and all in-door amusements are put in requisition. Sometimes I drive the ladies in my Russian sledge, and then we go flying over plains and along the frozen rivers and snowy valleys, to the silver music of the jingling bells hung to the collars of the horses. Sometimes we skate by torchlight on the little lake beyond the village. Sometimes I sit apart in the recess of a bay window with my little Margaret, and give a drawing or Italian lesson.

Adrienne keeps much apart, and spends the greater part of every day writing or reading in her own apartment. One of her habits is to walk up and down the great oaken hall at the end of the north gallery, book in hand. This she will do for hours at a time, and we are careful not to interrupt these solitary moods. This hall was formerly the armory. Old helmets and shields and rusted falchions are yet suspended here and there against the wall, and the tattered banner at the upper end was taken from the English at the battle of Agincourt by our ancestor Louis Montmorency de la Tour, surnamed the Strong.

I have written to Seabrook entreating him to stay with us for a few weeks; but in vain. He is now resident in Antwerp, and studies severely. In a couple of months he will be prepared to pass his examination in England. He does not even say whether he shall be able to spare time for a flying farewell visit. His tone is affectionate and kindly as ever; but less frank. Of his ambition, of his prospects, he says nothing. An ill-concealed reserve clouds all his letter. I feel that there is more in this than he chooses to confide to me, and I am grieved by it.

And thus the winter passes.

Sitting alone in the library one bleak dull day in early April, when the sky, and trees, and earth look all one heavy grey, and even the fire loses half its glow, I find myself reviewing many things, revolving many plans in my own mind, and neglecting the open page before my eyes.

Not that the book lacks interest. Far from it, for it is Roger of Wendover's quaint old Chronicle, and I take all the delight of a true antiquary in the flavor of dust and vellum that hangs over the narrative. No—it is not this—it is a purely indolent, fanciful, dreaming reverie that wins me from it.

Yonder, too, lies the letter-bag, and here the key. I have not yet had the curiosity to open it, though it has been lying there for more than an hour. Come! I will rouse myself.—Let us see what are the contents of the bag!

Three letters to-day—no more. Two of them are for Adrienne, and bear the English postmark. The third is for myself. I do not know this writing! I never saw it before, or I should remember it, so irregular, so blotted, so hasty and yet so tremulous is the superscription. The paper is of the coarsest and bluest description—the postmark is Philadelphia, U. S. America—it is fastened by a wafer, and is soiled by the transmission through many hands.

I know no one in America! How strange this is! I almost dread to read it—a presentiment of something unpleasant seems to stay my hand—at length I tear it open. It is this:

"I thought to live till my task was accomplished. I believed that hate was stronger than disease, and will stronger than destiny. It is not so; and in compliance with your wish, I write these lines to tell you. I have sought her in many cities. I have followed the faint rumors of her flight even to the shores of the New World—and all vainly. I am dying. Before this can reach your hands, I shall be at rest. They tell me that some six or eight days are all that remain to me in life. Be it so.—Perhaps it is best. Vengeance is not to be mine, and I must prepare for eternity. My consolation is that the punishment must fall sooner or later, and that it passes, henceforward, into some other and surer hands. Break this gently to Margaret, and do not let her grieve for one who grieves not for himself. I have suffered but little. Farewell.

"F. FLETCHER."

The rich autumn has come again. It is our holiday season in fair Burgundy—the merry vintage-time. The purple grapes hang in heavy clusters towards the earth; the sunburnt laborers wade along the furrows, and bear away the fruit in long baskets; the wine press is at work in the outhouses; and the peasant girls sing like birds, to the measured clicking of their shears. At dusk they have a supper spread for them in the hall, and afterwards a dance under the lime-trees to the droning music of a rustic musette, upon which the young men perform in turn. Then the stars come out and the lovers, walking homewards by the light of the harvest-moon, take the longest way, and go round by the river side or the burnt mill. Truly a pleasant season is the vintage-time in Burgundy!

Pleasanter now than ever, for a dear friend has come down amongst us to witness the harvest of the grape and to gladden our little circle with his genial face and joyous voice. Yes, it is Norman Seabrook whom I welcome to my old home—whose honest hand grasps mine—whose eyes beam with friendship, and whose cheery laughter rings along our shady silent rooms, like a peal of wedding bells. He is paler and thinner, methinks, than when first we met in Heidelberg. London air and the study of the law have left some traces; stolen some of the brightness from his smile and the roundness from his cheek. No matter! The soft air of our valleys and the breeze from our mountains, though his holiday last but six short weeks, shall work wonders, I promise him.

Now for excursions to the Fountain of Roses—now for long days of sporting in the forest—now for pic-nics; and boating-parties; and drives to Chalons and Dijon; and railway trips, even as far as Strasburg—for Seabrook must be shown all the beauties of our Eden!

My mother goes but little from home now. She takes no pleasure in it; but she welcomes us back at evening, and her chief delight is in preparing delicates for our surprise at table. Hence all the exquisite creams, iced fruits, preserves, and quaint confectionary which, infinitely varied, succeed each other at our evening meals. Hence the vases of fresh flowers in our sleeping-rooms. Hence the boxes of chocolate bonbons which appear, as if by magic, on our dressing-tables. Her solicitous kindness meets us at every turn, and all her pleasure consists in making the happiness of others.

Thus we go out and revel, like children, by meadow-brook and mountain-torrent and wild forest-path—and, somehow or another, Seabrook and Adrienne walk as slowly, and whisper as softly, and wander away together among the arching-boughs after as pleasant and lover-like a fashion as Margaret and Paul!

——so turtles pair
That never mean to part!

Winter came and went a second time, and then the Spring laughed out. Oh, beautiful Spring! Especial property of the lover and the poet! Fief, manor, and hereditary wealth of romancist and story-teller!

And down in this remote village of Latour-sur-Creil, the bells of the chapel in the valley are ringing out peal after peal most "silver-sweet"—the servants and villagers are crowding to the porch in their holiday dresses—the church is one bower of roses and myrtle-boughs within—the rustic band of pipes, tabors and musettes, is waiting under the trees at a little distance, each performer carrying a gigantic bouquet in his button-hole and a bunch of ribbons in his hat—the good priest honors the day with a new gown, and two bridegrooms and two brides are standing at the altar!

Yes! the secret of Seabrook's industry is all told now. At first it was a panacea for a hopeless love—secondly, it was the window through which stole the first ray of sunlight—thirdly, it has become a means of great and perfect felicity. He has purchased a partnership, and can ask a wealthy lady's hand without shame. The saddest passage in his love-story is, to me at least, that he and Adrienne must henceforth dwell in the great far city on the banks of the masted Thames!

I cannot help sighing sometimes when I think of this—but then Margaret steals to my side, and resting her cheek against my shoulder, whispers gently—"Shall I not be here, dearest?"

Even thus, reader. 'Tis a double wedding—
Bid the merry bells ring to thine ear!

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

It is not now many weeks since I visited England, being called thither by important business respecting the wine-produce of my estates, and being likewise desirous of passing a few days with the Seabrooks in London. I found them entirely happy, and surrounded by a little circle of intellectual and pleasant friends, artists, authors, musicians, and scientific men. Love has given to Seabrook's character all that it required of strength, and the influence of a professional career has added weight and practicability to his mind. With all his love of beauty, he is no longer a dreamer; with all his taste for enjoyment, he has learnt to extract a higher pleasure from industry and honorable success. As for Adrienne, she adores him, and they quarrel on one point only—viz., as to which loves the other best. This, by the way,

reminds me of Margaret and myself; but if I say that Norman and Adrienne are as happy as ourselves, I think that I have affirmed all, and more than all, that language can express.

But this is foreign to the purpose with which I have commenced this last chapter of my history. Loveless and joyless is what I must now relate, and the bell which gives the signal for the fall of the curtain is the passing bell of a guilty soul.

Returning one evening from a late interview with some wine-merchants on the Southwark side of London Bridge, an adventure happened to me—an adventure so strange, that I have often questioned since whether a presiding hand had not led me to that eventful spot at that eventful moment.

It was a wet, wintry night, rent by stormful bursts of wind and rain, and pitch-dark overhead. The angry river, swollen by the tide, rocked the barges by the wharves—the furnaces along the banks shot up a hot fierce glare upon the sky—the dome of St. Paul's seemed, as it were, flickering in the blurred, uncertain distance, and the cabs and omnibuses rattled noisily past, splashing the foot-passengers as they went, and crowded within and without.

I was almost wet through, for I had forgotten to bring an umbrella, and I was shivering dismally. Cab after cab, omnibus after omnibus, had I hailed in vain. All were full, and not till I reached the Bank could I even hope to find any conveyance. The Bank was just half a mile distant, and I had the dreary bridge before me. After all, though, I could scarcely be more drenched, so I made up my mind to the evil, and took my fate leisurely.

Singularly strange, and cold, and dreary is the aspect of the city on a wet night, from London Bridge! The shadowy steeples look warnful and ghostly, like tombs in a graveyard; and the sleeping barges and steamers like river-hearses and mourning-coaches assembled for a funeral. How black the water looks, down below, streaming through the arches! How black and deep, like the river of Lethe!

Musing thus as I go, my chain of thought is broken by the quavering tones of a woman's voice chanting the burden of a mournful ballad. Tremulous and shrill as the notes are, there is a something in them that arrests my attention irresistibly—a vibration, a fluency altogether superior to the style of the street ballad-singers of London. And surely—yes, the air is that sweet sad cavatina of the hapless Desdemona, "seated at the foot of a willow!"

Yonder stands the singer, a thin, pallid woman, wretchedly clad, and trembling with cold—a pitiable object. I place a shilling in her hand—it is all the change I have—and her large dark eyes, lifted suddenly to my face, look wild and hungry, and fill me with a kind of shuddering compassion.

Strange! though I have passed her, I cannot refrain from pausing to look back. Something in the glitter of those eyes has struck me with a feeling for which I cannot account. It seems to me that I recognize, and yet am unfamiliar with their expression. Like the reflection of a face in water, broken, distorted, and uncertain, it hovers before me, and I strive in vain to analyze whether this be memory, or the vague promptings of some forgotten dream.

She is not singing now. She stands beneath the lamp where I left her, looking down at the coin in her hand, and shaking her head with a sad, despairing action, as though she would say, "It is not sufficient!"

Not sufficient!—for so I interpret the gesture. Not sufficient? Poor creature, she may have children and husband sick or starving at home—home! perhaps she has no home!

The thought is terrible. I stand back in the shadow, and take a sovereign from my purse. I will go back to her—I will question her—I will—But where is she? A moment since and she was standing yonder by the lamp. Has she sunk into the earth, or, more probably, broken down by fatigue, stopped to rest upon one of the wet stone benches in the recesses on either side of the bridge?

Yes—as I thought, she is leaning against the wall yonder, and removing her bonnet. She must surely be ill! I hasten to her aid—she turns at the sound of my rapid steps—mounts suddenly upon the dizzy parapet—utters one piercing, wailing cry—wavers—leaps wildly forward—disappears, oh, Heaven, in the gulf below!

I have, even now, but an indistinct remembrance of what followed, save that with loud cries I summoned help; that, borne downwards by a sudden crowd, I found myself standing presently upon a floating wharf, and watching with eager eyes the progress of a boat upon the murky river; that, amid a confusion of voices, and lights, and terror-stricken faces, a wet and heavy burden was borne ashore, and carried, by the light of many lanterns, through the blank streets, stretched on a narrow plank, and covered by a fragment of sailcloth.

Now we arrive at a building whence the curious bystanders are excluded, and which I alone, with the two boatmen, am permitted to enter. This is the police-station; and here, upon the narrow trestels, she is laid, while the unmoved official at the desk, questions me respectfully on what I have seen, and enters my replies in his ledger.

"Poor creetur," says one of the boatmen, taking the dead hand pityingly in his own, and then laying it down gently by her side—"Poor creetur! She warn't a bad looking one, neither, in her time. She have a forring look about her, too. Maybe she come from over sea, Jim!"

"Maybe," replied the other. "And she ain't old, neither; but she looks half-starved—she ain't nothing but skin and bone."

"It's a horrid death, poor creetur; but its surprisin' how they all seem to take to it! Poor creetur! Lord ha' mercy on her and on we, Jim!"

Their rough compassion touches me. I feel myself impelled to go back once more and look at her.

Her bonnet off—her long, wet hair, black as ebony, lying in clammy masses over her neck and arms—her white face so hushed, and still, and awful—Mysterious Providence, I recognize her now!

Therese Vogelsang!

[THE END.]

LINES FOR A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The Persian to his altars bore
Sweet blossoms fresh with morning dew,
And veiled the old false worship o'er
With beauty borrowed from the true:

Around Palemon's flowery shrine
Their maze of grace the maidens wound,
And wove the wreaths of Isthmian pine
Wherewith the victor's brows were crowned:

And we to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessing of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain;

With manhood's strength and maiden's glance,
To lend our Christian holiday
The beauty of the Persian dance,
The vigor of the Grecian play:

To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit and flower and golden corn.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told;

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among the garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her forehead gay with autumn leaves!

Oh, favors old, yet ever new!
Oh, blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold!

And by these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

—*National Era.*

SINGULAR AND SUCCESSFUL LITERARY FORGERIES.—Few writers who have discussed this interesting subject have referred to the newspaper forgeries, which have been made in England with considerable success. The most notable instances are the following:—The British Museum contains several copies of a certain "English Mercury," bearing date of 1588. These papers refer to the Spanish Armada, then in the British Channel, and other matters of high interest of the period. The existence of these papers led Mr. George Chambers, Disraeli, and many other writers to claim that mankind were indebted to the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh for the first newspaper. It is now well ascertained that these ancient papers are forgeries—the work of some idle scholars, led on by the second Earl of Hardwicke. These modern antiques have a unique history, as they misled the literary public a hundred and fifty years.

A parallel to the above case occurred upwards of seventy years ago. A pretended number of the London Gazette appeared May 22nd, 1787, with news of a startling character, designed to affect the public funds and make a panic in the money market. The authors of this curious forgery of the name, style and general character of a leading London journal were never discovered! It was the work of speculators, and had the desired effect on prices. The officers of the Crown made every effort to detect the guilty printers, but the names of the agents of this novel fraud were never known.

SANITARY LAWS AS REGARDS CHILDREN.—During a long experience we have often noticed with pain the loss of life which has resulted from the neglect of the most simple sanitary laws; it is through want of this knowledge that numerous children are smothered by wrapping them in bedclothes, shawls, &c.; the atmospheric air is kept from them, and they are poisoned by their own breath. Ignorance causes nurses and mothers to swaddle up infants in tight bindings, which prevent the proper action of the heart and lungs, which leave the chest exposed to the weather, and allow young children in the hot sunshine to be exposed to the burning rays. Hundreds of young children, even among people who are well-to-do, are killed annually by improper feeding. Some are fed with animal and vegetable food before the teeth have appeared and the stomach has become sufficiently strong for the reception of such matters. Others are suckled long after milk has ceased to be sufficiently nutritious, nay, has become injurious to health. Again, opiates, if they have the effect of producing temporary quietness, surely act injuriously on the constitution. Medical men in large practice amongst the middle and poorer classes say that, on the night after Christmas-day, they do not expect to have much rest in consequence of being called to attend upon children seized with convulsions, in consequence of improper food. If knowledge of these matters were general, parents would surely not risk the lives of their children through mistaken kindness.

☞ What a fortunate thing for the true lover of Shakspeare that he is not obliged to read his commentators! Looking at a Shakspercan note, the other day, we observed that it was the remark of a critic on the criticism of a critic who was criticising a comment on the commentary of a commentator upon a commentator of Shakspeare!—*Exchange.*

☞ Music is a higher revelation than science and philosophy.—*Beethoven.*

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO ROAST A POUND OF BUTTER.—We find this culinary curiosity of the last century, in the third edition of "The Art of Cookery," by a Lady, 1748: "Lay it (the butter) in salt and water two or three hours; then spit it, and rub it all over with crumbs of bread, with a little grated nutmeg; lay it to the fire, and as it roasts baste it with the yolks of two eggs, and then with crumbs of bread, all the time it is roasting; but have ready a pint of oysters stewed in their own liquor, and lay it in the dish under the butter; when the bread has soaked up all the butter, brown the outside, and lay it on your oysters. Your fire must be very slow."

SEALING WAX FOR FRUIT CANS.—Don't buy sealing wax for your bottles of fruit, or fruit juice, called wine, or anything else that you want to seal up for future use. Make it yourself. "How?" We will tell you. These are the ingredients:

Beeswax, ½ oz.; English vermillion, 1½ oz.; gum shellac, 2 oz.; rosin, 3 oz.

Take some cheap iron vessel that you can always keep for the purpose, and put in the rosin and melt it, and stir in the vermillion. Then add the shellac, slowly, and stir that in, and afterward the beeswax. When wanted for use at any after time, set it upon a slow fire and melt it so you can dip bottle-nozzles in. Recollect that the vermillion is only put in for the looks of the thing, and if you want to use it for any purpose where color is no object, as, for instance, in sealing over wounds upon trees, you may leave the color out. The ingredients for the above, bought in this city, costs only twenty-five cents, for which, and a little trouble, you can have three quarters of a pound of good sealing wax for any common use. For any purpose, such as an application to trees, where you want it tougher than the above proportions will make it, add a little more beeswax, and leave out the vermillion.—*Exchange paper.*

CRESS OR CELERY WATER.—Pour a quart of the best vinegar over an ounce of cress or celery seeds, dried and pounded. Let them steep ten days; shake every day; then strain and bottle in small bottles.

HORSERADISH VINEGAR.—Pour a quart of best vinegar on three ounces of scraped horseradish, one drachm of cayenne, and an ounce of shred eschalot: let it stand a week. This is very cheap, and you have an excellent relish for cold beef, salads, &c. Horseradish is in perfection in November.

GARLIC AND ONION VINEGAR.—Chop two ounces of the root, put it in a bottle, pour over it a quart of the best vinegar, and shake it well every day for ten days; then pour off the clear liquor into half-pint bottles. A few drops of the garlic will flavor a pint of gravy, as it is very powerful.

GREEN MINT VINEGAR.—Fill a wide-mouthed bottle with the leaves; pour wine or vinegar over them, and let them steep ten days; strain, bottle, and cork tightly. Basil vinegar may be made in the same way.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER IV.

CALM IN STORM.

Doctor Manette did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. So much of what had happened in that dreadful time as could be kept from the knowledge of Lucie was so well concealed from her that not until long afterwards, when France and she were far apart, did she know that eleven hundred defenceless prisoners, of both sexes and all ages, had been killed by the populace; that four days and nights had been darkened by this deed of horror; and that the air around her had been tainted by the slain. She only knew that there had been an attack upon the prisons, that all political prisoners had been in danger, and that some had been dragged out by the crowd and murdered.

To Mr. Lorry the Doctor communicated, under an injunction of secrecy, on which he had no need to dwell, that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. That, in the prison he had found a self-appointed Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly ordered to be put forth to be massacred, or to be released, or (in a few cases) to be sent back to their cells. That, presented by his conductors to this Tribunal, he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and an unaccused prisoner in the Bastille. That, one of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him; and that this man was Defarge.

That, hereupon he had ascertained, through the registers on the table, that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners, and had pleaded hard to the Tribunal—of whom some members were asleep and some awake, some dirty with murder and some clean, some sober and some not—for his life and liberty. That, in the first frantic greetings lavished on himself as a notable sufferer under the overthrown system, it had been accorded to him to have Charles Darnay brought before the lawless Court, and examined. That, he seemed on the point of being at once released, when the tide in his favor met with some unexplained check (not intelligible to the Doctor), which led to a few words of secret conference. That, the man sitting as President had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but should, for his sake, be held inviolate in safe custody. That, immediately, on a signal, the prisoner was removed to the interior of the prison again; but that he, the Doctor, had then so strongly pleaded for permission to remain and assure himself that his son-in-law was, through no malice or mischance, delivered to the concourse whose murderous yells outside the gate had often drowned the proceedings, that he had obtained the permission, and had remained in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over.

The sights he had seen there, with brief snatches of food and sleep by intervals, shall remain untold. The mad joy over the prisoners who were saved had astounded him scarcely less than the mad ferocity against those who were cut to pieces. One prisoner there was, he said, who had been discharged into the street free, but at whom a mistaken savage had thrust a pike as he passed out. Being besought to go to him and dress the wound, the Doctor had passed out at the same gate, and had found him in the arms of a company of Samaritans, who were seated on the bodies of their victims. With an inconsistency as monstrous as anything in this awful nightmare, they had helped the healer, and tended the wounded man with the gentlest solicitude—had made a litter for him, and escorted him carefully from the spot—had then caught up their weapons and plunged anew into a butchery so dreadful, that the Doctor had covered his eyes with his hands, and swooned away in the midst of it.

As Mr. Lorry received these confidences, and as he watched the face of his friend, now sixty-two years of age, a misgiving arose within him that such dread experiences would revive the old danger. But he had never seen his friend in his present aspect; he had never at all known him in his present character. For the first time the Doctor felt now that his suffering was strength and power. For the first time he felt that in that sharp fire he had slowly forged the iron which could break the prison door of his daughter's husband, and deliver him. "It all tended to a good end, my friend; it was not mere waste and ruin. As my beloved child was helpful in restoring me to myself, I will be helpful now in restoring the dearest part of herself to her; by the aid of Heaven I will do it!" Thus Doctor Manette. And when Jarvis Lorry saw the kindled eyes, the resolute face, the calm strong look and bearing of the man whose life always seemed to him to have been stopped, like a clock, for so many years, and then set going again with an energy which had lain dormant during the cessation of its usefulness, he believed.

Greater things than the Doctor had at that time to contend with would have yielded before his persevering purpose. While he kept himself in his place, as a physician whose business was with all degrees of mankind, bond and free, rich and poor, bad and good, he used his personal influence so wisely that he was soon the inspecting physician of three prisons, and among them of La Force. He could now assure Lucie that her husband was no longer confined alone, but was mixed with the general body of prisoners; he saw her husband weekly, and brought sweet messages to her straight from his lips; sometimes her husband himself sent a letter to her (though never by the Doctor's hand), but she was not permitted to write to him; for among the many wild suspicions of plots in the prisons, the wildest of all pointed at emigrants who were known to have made friends or permanent connections abroad.

This new life of the Doctor's was an anxious life, no doubt, still the sagacious Mr. Lorry saw that there was a new sustaining pride in it.—Nothing unbecoming tinged the pride; it was a natural and worthy one; but he observed it as a curiosity. The Doctor knew that up to that time his imprisonment had been associated in the minds of his daughter and his friend with his personal affliction, deprivation and weakness. Now that this was changed, and he knew himself to be invested through that old trial with forces to which they both looked for Charles's ultimate safety and deliverance, he became so far exalted by the change, that he took the lead and direction, and required them, as the weak, to trust to him as the strong. The preceding relative positions of himself and Lucie were reversed, yet only as the liveliest gratitude and affection could reverse them, for he could have had no pride but in rendering some service to her who had rendered so much to him. "All curious to see," thought Mr. Lorry, in his amiably shrewd way, "but all natural and right; so take the lead, my dear friend, and keep it; it couldn't be in better hands."

But though the Doctor tried hard, and never ceased trying, to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too strong and fast for him. The new Era began; the king was tried, doomed, and beheaded; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, declared for victory or death against the world in arms; the black flag waved night and day from the great towers of Notre-Dame; three hundred thousand men, summoned to rise against the tyrants of the earth, rose from all the varying soils of France, as if the dragons' teeth had been sown broadcast, and had yielded fruit equally on hill and plain, on rock, in gravel and alluvial mud, under the bright sky of the South, and under the clouds of the North, in fell and forest, in the vineyards and the olive-grounds and among the cropped grass and the stubble of the corn, along the fruitful banks of the broad rivers, and in the sand of the seashore. What private solicitude could rear itself against the deluge of the Year One of Liberty—the deluge rising from below, not falling from above, and with the windows of Heaven shut, not opened.

There was no pause, no pity, no peace, no interval of relenting rest, no measurement of time. Though days and nights circled as regularly as when time was young, and the evening and the morning were the first day, other count of time there was none. Hold of it was lost in the raging fever of a nation, as it is in the fever of one patient. Now, breaking the unnatural silence of a whole city, the executioner showed the people the head of the king, and now it seemed almost in the same breath, the head of his fair wife which had eight weary months of imprisoned widowhood and misery to turn it gray.

And yet, observing the strange law of contradiction which obtains in all such cases, the time was long, while it flamed by so fast. A revolutionary tribunal in the capital, and forty or fifty thousand revolutionary committees all over the land; a law of the Suspected, which struck away all security for liberty or life, and delivered over any good and innocent person to any bad and guilty one; prisons gorged with people who had committed no offence, and could obtain no hearing; these things became the established order and nature of appointed things, and seemed to be ancient usage before they were many weeks old. Above all, one hideous figure grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world—the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine.

It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache, it infallibly prevented hair from turning gray, it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion; it was a National Razor, which shaved close; who kissed La Guillotine, looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It superseded the Cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied.

It sheared off heads so many that it, and the ground it most polluted, were a rotten red. It was taken to pieces, like a toy-puzzle for a young Devil, and was put together again where the occasion wanted it. It hushed the eloquent, struck down the powerful, abolished the beautiful and good. Twenty-two friends of high public mark, twenty-one living and one dead, it had lopped the heads off, in one morning, in as many minutes. The name of the strong man of Old Scripture had descended to the chief functionary who worked it; but so armed, he was stronger than his namesake, and blinder, and tore away the gates of God's own Temple every day.

Among these terrors, and the brood belonging to them, the Doctor walked with a steady head; confident in his power, cautiously persistent in his end, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband at last. Yet the current of the time swept by so strong and deep, and carried the time away so fiercely, that Charles had lain in prison one year and three months when the Doctor was thus steady and confident. So much more wicked and distracted had the Revolution grown in that December month that the rivers of the South were encumbered with the bodies of the violently drowned by night, and prisoners were shot in lines and squares under the southern wintry sun. Still, the Doctor walked among the terrors with a steady head. No man better known than he in Paris at that day; no man in a stranger situation. Silent, humane, indispensable in hospital and prison, using his art equally among assassins and victims, he was a man apart. In the exercise of his skill the appearance and the story of the Bastille Captive removed him from all other men. He was not suspected or brought in question any more than if he had indeed been recalled to life some eighteen years before, or were a Spirit moving among mortals.

CHAPTER V.

THE WOOD-SAWYER.

One year and three months. During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, but that the Guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day. Every day, through the stony streets, the tumbrils now jolted heavily, filled with Condemned. Lovely girls; bright women, brown-haired, black-haired, and gray; youths; stalwart men and old; gentle born and peasant born; all red wine for La Guillotine, all daily brought into light from the dark cellars of the loathsome prisons, and carried to her through the streets to slake her devouring thirst. Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death—the last much the easiest to bestow, oh, Guillotine!

If the suddenness of her calamity and the whirling wheels of the time, had stunned the Doctor's daughter into awaiting the result in idle despair, it would not have been with her as it was with many. But from the hour when she had taken the white head to her fresh young bosom in the garret of Saint Antoine, she had been true to her duties. She was truest to them in the season of trial, as all the quietly loyal and good will always be.

As soon as they were established in their new residence, and her father had entered on the routine of his avocations, she arranged the little household as exactly as if her husband had been there. Everything had its appointed place and its appointed time. Little Lucie she taught as regularly as if they had all been united in their English home. The slight devices with which she cheated herself into the show of a belief that they would soon be reunited—the little preparations for his speedy return, the setting aside of his chair and his books—these, and the solemn prayer at night for one dear prisoner especially, among the many unhappy souls in prison and the shadow of death—were almost the only outspoken reliefs of her heavy mind.

She did not greatly alter in appearance. The plain dark dresses, akin to mourning dresses, which she and her child wore, were as neat and as well attended to as the brighter clothes of happy days. She lost her color, and the old intent expression was a constant, not an occasional, thing; otherwise, she remained very pretty and comely. Sometimes, at night, on kissing her father, she would burst into the grief she had repressed all day, and would say that her sole reliance, under Heaven, was on him. He always resolutely answered, "Nothing can happen to him without my knowledge, and I know that I can save him, Lucie.

They had not made the round of their changed life many weeks, when her father said to her, on coming home one evening,

"My dear, there is an upper window in the prison, to which Charles can sometimes gain access at three in the afternoon. When he can get to it—which depends on many uncertainties and incidents—he might see you in the street, he thinks, if you stood in a certain place that I can show you. But you will not be able to see him, my poor child; and even if you could, it would be unsafe for you to make a sign of recognition."

"Oh, show me the place, my father, and I will go there every day!"

From that time, in all weathers, she waited there two hours. As the clock struck two she was there, and at four she turned resignedly away. When it was not too wet or inclement for her child to be with her, they went together; at other times she was alone; but she never missed a single day.

It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street. The hovel of a cutter of wood into lengths for burning, was the only house at that end; all else was wall. On the third day of her being there he noticed her.

"Good-day, citizeness."

"Good-day, citizen."

This mode of address was now prescribed by decree. It had been established voluntarily some time ago, among the more thorough patriots; but was now law for everybody.

"Walking here again, citizeness?"

"You see me, citizen!"

The wood-sawyer, who was a little man with a redundancy of gesture (he had once been a mender of roads,) cast a glance at the prison, pointed at the prison, and putting his ten fingers before his face to represent bars, peeped through them joccosely.

"But it's not my business," said he, and went on sawing his wood.

Next day he was looking out for her, and accosted her the moment she appeared.

"What! walking here again, citizeness?"

"Yes, citizen."

"Ah! a child too! Your mother, is it not, my little citizeness?"

"Do I say yes, mamma?" whispered little Lucie, drawing close to her.

"Yes, dearest."

"Yes, citizen."

"Ah! But it's not my business. My work is my business. See my saw! I call it my Little Guillotine. La, la, la; la, la, la! And off his head comes!"

The billet fell as he spoke, and he threw it into a basket.

"I call myself the Samson of the fire-wood guillotine. See here again! Loo, loo, loo; loo, loo, loo! And off *her* head comes! Now, a child. Tickle, tickle; pickle, pickle! And off *its* head comes. All the family!"

Lucie shuddered as he threw two more billets into his basket; but it was impossible to be there while the wood-sawyer was at work and not be in his sight. Thenceforth, to secure his good-will, she always spoke to him first, and often gave him drink-money, which he readily received.

He was an inquisitive fellow, and sometimes when she had quite forgotten him in gazing at the prison roofs and grates, and in lifting her heart up to her husband, she would come to herself to find him looking at her, with his knee on his bench and his saw stopped in its work. "But it's not my business!" he would generally say at those times, and would briskly fall to his sawing again.

In all weathers, in the snow and frost of winter, in the bitter winds of spring, in the hot sunshine of summer, in the rains of autumn, and again in the snow and frost of winter, Lucie passed two hours of every day at this place; and every day, on leaving it, she kissed the prison wall. Her husband saw her (so she learned from her father) it might be once in five or six times; it might be twice or thrice running; it might be not for a week or a fortnight together. It was enough that he could and did see her when the chances served, and on that possibility she would have waited out the day, seven days a week.

These occupations brought her round to the December month, wherein her father walked among the terrors with a steady head. On a lightly-snowing afternoon she arrived at the usual corner. It was a day of some wild rejoicing and a festival. She had seen the houses, as she came along, decorated with little pikes, and with little red caps stuck upon them, also, with tricolored ribbons; also, with the standard inscription (tricolored letters were the favorite), Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!

The miserable shop of the wood-sawyer was so small that its whole surface furnished very indifferent space for this legend. He had got somebody to scrawl it up for him, however, who had squeezed Death in with most inappropriate difficulty. On his house-top he displayed pike and cap, as a good citizen must, and in a window he had stationed his saw, inscribed as his "Little Sainte Guillotine"—for the great sharp female was by that time popularly canonized. His shop was shut and he was not there, which was a relief to Lucie and left her quite alone.

But he was not far off, for presently she heard a troubled movement and a shouting coming along which filled her with fear. A moment afterwards, and a throng of people came pouring round the corner by the prison wall, in the midst of whom was the wood-sawyer hand-in-hand with The Vengeance. There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping a ferocious time that was like a gnashing of teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as hazard had brought them together. At first they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woolen rags; but as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance-figure gone raving mad arose among them. They advanced, retreated, struck at one another's hands, clutched at one another's heads, spun round alone, caught one another and spun round in pairs, until many of them dropped. While those were down the rest linked hand in hand, and all spun round together; then the ring broke, and in separate rings of two and four they turned and turned until they all stopped at once, began again, struck, clutched, and tore, and then reversed the spin, and all spun round another way. Suddenly they stopped again, paused, struck out the time afresh, formed into lines the width of the public way, and, with their heads low down and their hands high up, swooped screaming off. No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fallen sport—a something once innocent delivered over to all deviltry—a healthy pastime changed into a means of angering the blood, bewildering the senses, and steeling the heart. Such grace as was visible in it made it the uglier, showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become. The maidenly bosom bared to this, the pretty almost-child's head thus distracted, the delicate foot mincing in this slough of blood and dirt, were types of the disjointed time.

This was the Carmagnole. As it passed, leaving Lucie frightened and bewildered in the

door-way of the wood-sawyer's house, the feathery snow fell as quietly and lay as white and soft as if it had never been.

"Oh, my father!" for he stood before her when she lifted up the eyes she had momentarily darkened with her hand; "such a cruel, bad sight!"

"I know, my dear, I know. I have seen it many times. Don't be frightened! Not one of them would harm you."

"I am not frightened for myself, my father. But when I think of my husband, and the mercies of these people—"

"We will set him above their mercies very soon. I left him climbing to the window, and I came to tell you. There is no one here to see. You may kiss your hand toward that highest shelving roof.

"I do so, father, and I send him my Soul with it!"

"You can not see him, my poor dear?"

"No, father," said Lucie, yearning and weeping as she kissed her hand, "no."

A footstep in the snow. Madame Defarge. "I salute you, citizeness," from the Doctor. "I salute you, citizen." This in passing. Nothing more. Madame Defarge gone, like a shadow over the white road.

"Give me your arm, my love. Pass from here with an air of cheerfulness and courage, for his sake. That was well done"—they had left the spot—"it shall not be in vain. Charles is summoned for to-morrow."

"For to-morrow?"

"There is no time to lose. I am well prepared, but there are precautions to be taken that could not be taken until he was actually summoned before the Tribunal. He has not received the notice yet, but I know that he will presently be summoned for to-morrow, and removed to the Conciergerie; I have timely information. You are not afraid?"

She could scarcely answer, "I trust in you."

"Do so, implicitly. Your suspense is nearly ended, my darling; he shall be restored to you within a few hours; I have encompassed him with every protection. I must see Lorry."

He stopped. There was a heavy lumbering of wheels within hearing. They both knew too well what it meant. One. Two. Three. Three tumbrils faring away with their dread loads over the hushing snow.

"I must see Lorry," the Doctor repeated, turning her another way.

The stanch old gentleman was still in his trust; had never left it. He and his books were in frequent requisition as to property confiscated and made national. What he could save for the owners he saved. No better man living to hold fast by what Tellson's had in keeping, and to hold his peace.

A murky red and yellow sky, and a rising mist from the Seine, denoted the approach of darkness. It was almost dark when they arrived at the Bank. The stately residence of Monseigneur was altogether blighted and deserted. Above a heap of dust and ashes in the court ran the letters: National Property. Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

Who could that be with Mr. Lorry—the owner of the riding-coat upon the chair—who must not be seen! From whom newly arrived did he come out, agitated and surprised, to take his favorite in his arms? To whom did he appear to repeat her faltering words, when, raising his voice and turning his head toward the door of the room from which he had issued, he said: "Removed to the Conciergerie, and summoned for to-morrow?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Intemperate Fox.—A correspondent of the Limerick Examiner, states that he was dining with a celebrated foxhunter last week, when instances of the sagacity of the fox were related. The host, as a climacteric, said that he had a fox which nothing could exceed in cunning, and which he offered to wager £5, would "put down" any gentleman at the table in drinking whiskey punch. A young gentleman accepted the wager, and in a few minutes Reynard, perfectly tame and almost amiable, was brought in by a servant, and placed on the table. Two stiff tumblers were mixed; and Reynard's being poured into a saucer, he lapped it up, as was remarked, "in less than no time." A simultaneous consumption of the hot beverage was effected by his competitor. Five tumblers followed with similar effect. As the seventh was about to be concocted, the gentleman declared he would have no more, and was satisfied to yield the palm of intemperance to his long-nosed friend. The latter was then placed on the carpet, and with his tail hanging in anything but game fashion, he stumbled across the room and proceeded to his kennel.

Does Not Acquiesce.—Bishop Potter, of New York, has written a letter in which he declines acquiescing in the management for the restoration of Bishop Onderdonk, which proposes to leave the active management of the affairs of the diocese in his hands. He says:

"The position in which that bargain seeks to place me is unknown to the law of the Church, is indefinite, is full of perplexity, and must inevitably lead to confusion and wrangling. Let the Church do simply what is right and fitting for herself, without regard to me.—Let my relations with the diocese be the result of the free and impartial action of the authorities of the Church. If it be desired to restore Bishop Onderdonk to his jurisdiction, let it be done, and let me take the place of an assistant in the ordinary sense, the full powers and responsibilities of the administration and public offices remaining in the hands of the restored bishop. Such an arrangement would be clear. No other restoration to jurisdiction can be.

Most faithfully yours,

"Horatio Potter.

"To the Rev. Dr. Tyng."

Death of a Dwarf.—Edwin Calvert, a dwarf of some celebrity at Skipton, has died from the effects of drink. He was seventeen years of age, thirty-six inches in height (three inches less than Tom Thumb), and weighed only twenty-three and a half pounds. He was a sharp, quick, intelligent youth, and used to visit the most aristocratic families in the neighborhood. He was a clever performer on the violin. He could dance some of the most fashionable modern and ancient dances. He was a great mimic of birds and animals. Arrangements were being made for him to be presented to the queen. A court dress was being made, and in less than a month he was going to London, and then on the continent for exhibition. A few months ago General Tom Thumb passed through Skipton, and he sent for little Edwin. Tom Thumb took off his own boots, and little Edwin jumped into them; he could throw them off, as they were too large for him.

A verdict of $20,000 damages has been rendered at Detroit, in favor of Mrs. James B. Corey, in the suit of herself and husband against the city corporation, as recompense for injuries received by falling into an open sewer.

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," "Never Too Late to Mend," &c., &c.

Jorian drove the spade in and threw out quantities of hard mould. In vain. And even while he dug, his master's mood had changed.

"Treason! treachery!" he cried. "You knew of this!"

"Knew what, master, in Heaven's name?"

"Caitiff, you knew there was another one worth all these twice told."

"'Tis false!" cried Jorian, made suspicious by the other's suspicion. "'Tis a trick to rob me of my hundred crowns. Oh! I know you, Burgomaster." And Jorian was ready to whimper.

A sweet voice fell on them both like oil upon the waves.

"No, good man, it is not false, nor yet is it quite true; there was another parchment."

"There, there, there! Where is it?"

"But," continued Margaret, calmly, "it was not a town record (so you have gained your hundred crowns, good man;) it was but a private deed between the Burgomaster here, and my grandfather Flor—"

"Hush, hush!"

"—is Brandt."

"Where is it, girl? that is all we want to know."

"Have patience, and I shall tell you. Gerard read the title of it, and he said, 'This is as much yours as the Burgomaster's,' and he put it apart, to read it with me at his leisure."

"It is in the house, then?" said the Burgomaster, recovering his calmness.

"No, sir," said Margaret, gravely, "it is not." Then in a broken voice—"You hunted—my poor Gerard—so hard—and so close—that you gave him—no time—to think of aught—but his life—and his grief. The parchment was in his bosom, and he hath ta'en it with him."

"Whither, whither!"

"Ask me no more, sir. What right have you to question me thus? It was for *your* sake, good man, I put force upon my heart, and bore to speak at all to this hard old man. For, when I think of the misery he has brought on *him* and me, the sight of him is almost more than I can bear;" and she gave an involuntary shudder, and went away crying bitterly.

Remorse for the past, and dread of the future—the slow, but, as he now felt, the inevitable future—avarice and fear, all tugged in one short moment at this tough heart. Ghysbrecht hung his head, and his arms fell listless by his sides. A coarse chuckle made him start round, and there stood Martin Wittenhaagen leaning on his bow, and sneering from ear to ear. At sight of the man and his grinning face Ghysbrecht's worse passions awoke.

"Ho! attack him, seize him, traitor and thief!" cried he. "Dog, thou shalt pay for all!"

Martin, without a word, calmly produced the Duke's pardon. Ghysbrecht looked and had not a word to say. Martin followed up his advantage.

"The Duke and I are soldiers. He won't let you greasy burghers trample on an old comrade. He bade me carry you a message too."

"The Duke send a message to me!"

"Ay! I told him of your masterful doings, of your imprisoning Gerard for loving a girl; and says he, 'Tell him this is to be a king, not a burgomaster. I'll have no kings in Holland but one. Bid him be more humble, or I'll hang him at his own door'"—

Ghysbrecht trembled. He thought the Duke capable of the deed.

"'—as I hanged the Burgomaster of Thingembob.' The Duke could not mind which of you he had hung, or in what part; such trifles don't stick in a soldier's memory, but he was sure he had hanged one of you for grinding poor folk, 'and I'm the man to hang another,' said the good Duke."

These repeated insults from so mean a man, coupled with his invulnerability, shielded as he was by the Duke, drove the choleric old man into a fit of impotent fury; he shook his fist at the soldier, and tried to threaten him, but could not speak for the rage and mortification that choked him; then he gave a sort of screech, and coiled himself up in eye and form like a rattle-snake about to strike; and spat furiously upon Martin's doublet.

The thick-skinned soldier treated this ebullition with genuine contempt. "Here's a venomous old toad! he knows a kick from this foot would send him to his last home, and he wants me to cheat the gallows. But I have slain too many men in fair fight to lift limb against anything less than a man: and this I count no man. What is it, in Heaven's name? An old goat-skin bag, full o' rotten bones!"

"My mule! my mule!" screamed Ghysbrecht.

Jorian helped the old man up, trembling in every joint. Once in the saddle, he seemed to gather in a moment unnatural vigor; and the figure that went flying to Tergou was truly weird-like and terrible: so old and wizened the face; so white and reverend the streaming hair; so baleful the eye; so fierce the fury which shook the bent frame that went spurring like mad; while the quavering voice yelled, "I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache! All of them! All!—all!—all!"

The black sheep sat disconsolate amidst the convivial crew, and eyed Hans Memling's wallet. For more ease he had taken it off, and flung it on the table. How readily they could have taken out that letter and put in another. For the first time in their lives they were sorry they had not learned to write, like their brother.

And now Hans Memling began to talk of going, and the brothers agreed in a whisper to abandon their project for the time. They had scarcely resolved this when Dierich Brower stood suddenly in the door-way, and gave them a wink.

They went to him. "Come to the Burgomaster with all speed," said he.

They found Ghysbrecht seated at a table, pale and agitated. Before him lay Margaret Van Eyck's hand-writing. "I have written what you desired," said he. "Now for the superscription. What were the words? did you see?"

"We can not read," said Cornelia.

"Then is all this labor lost," cried Ghysbrecht, angrily. "Dolts!"

"Nay, but," said Sybrandt, "I heard the words read, and I have not lost them. They were, 'To Gerard Gerardssoen, these, by the hands of the trusty Hans Memling, with all speed.'"

"'Tis well! Now, how was the letter folded? how big was it?"

"Longer than this one, and not so long as this."

"'Tis well! Where is he?"

"At the hostelry."

"Come, then, take you this groat and treat him. Then ask to see the letter, and put this in place of it. Come to me with the other letter."

The brothers assented, took the letter, and went to the hostelry.

They had not been gone a minute when Dierich Brower issued from the Stadthouse and followed them. He had his orders not to let them out of his sight till the true letter was in his master's hands. He watched outside the hostelry.

He had not long to wait. They came out almost immediately, with downcast looks. Dierich made up to them.

"Too late!" they cried; "too late! He is gone!"

"Gone! How long?"

"Scarce five minutes. Cursed chance!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"You must come to the Burgomaster at once," said Dierich Brower.

"To what end?"

"No matter—come;" and he hurried them to the Stadthouse.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was not the man to accept a defeat.

"Well," said he, on hearing the ill news, "suppose he is gone. Is he mounted?"

"No."

"Then what hinders you to come up with him?"

"But what avails coming up with him; there are no hostelries on the road he is gone."

"Fools!" said Ghysbrecht, "is there no way of emptying a man's pockets but liquor and sleight of hand?"

A meaning look, that passed between Ghysbrecht and Dierich, aided the brothers' comprehension. They changed color, and lost all zeal for the business.

"No, no, we won't get ourselves hanged to spite Gerard," said Sybrandt; "that would be a fool's trick."

"Hanged?" cried Ghysbrecht. "Am I not the Burgomaster? How can ye be hanged? I see how 'tis; ye fear to tackle one man, being two; hearts of hare, that ye are! Oh, why cannot I be young again? I'd do it single-handed!"

The old man now threw off all disguise, and showed them his heart was in this deed. He then flattered and besought and jeered them alternately, but he found no eloquence could move them to an action, however dishonorable, which was attended with danger. At last he opened a drawer and showed them a pile of silver coins.

"Change but those letters for me," he said, "and each of you shall thrust one hand into this drawer, and take away as many of them as you can hold."

The effect was magical. Their eyes glittered with desire. Their whole bodies seemed to swell, and rise into male energy.

"Swear it, then," said Sybrandt.

"I swear it."

"No. On the crucifix."

Ghysbrecht swore upon the crucifix.

The next minute the brothers were on the road, in pursuit of Hans Memling. They came in sight of him about two leagues from Tergou: but though they knew he had no weapon but his staff, they were too prudent to venture on him in daylight; so they fell back.

But being now three leagues and more from the town, and on a grassy road,—sun down, moon not yet up,—honest Hans suddenly found himself attacked before and behind at once by men with uplifted knives, who cried in loud though somewhat shaky voices,

"Stand and deliver."

The attack was so sudden, and so well planned, that Hans was dismayed.

"Slay me not, good fellows," he cried, "I am but a poor man, and ye shall have my all."

"So be it then. Live! But empty thy wallet."

"There is nought in my wallet, good friends, but one letter."

"That we shall see," said Sybrandt, who was the one in front. "Well: it is a letter."

"Take it not from me, I pray you. 'Tis worth nought, and the good dame would fret that writ it."

"There," said Sybrandt, "take back thy letter: and now empty thy pouch. Come! tarry not!"

But by this time Hans had recovered his confusion: and, by a certain flutter in Sybrandt, and hard breathing of Cornelis, aided by an indescribable consciousness, felt sure the pair he had to deal with were no heroes. He pretended to fumble for his money: then suddenly thrust his staff firmly into Sybrandt's face, and drove him staggering, and lent Cornelis a back-handed slash on the ear that sent him twirling: then whirled his weapon over his head and danced about the road like a man on springs, shouting "Come on, ye thieving loons! Come on!"

By "come," they understood "go," and took to their heels directly, with Hans after them, he shouting "Stop thieves!" and they howling with fear and pain as they ran.

CHAPTER XXXII.

About this time a change passed over Margaret Brandt. She went over her household duties like one in a dream. If Peter did but speak a little quickly to her, she started and fixed two terrified eyes on him. She went less often to her friend Margaret Van Eyck, and was ill at her ease when there. Instead of meeting her warm old friend's caresses, she used to receive them passive and trembling, and sometimes almost shrink from them. But the most extraordinary thing was, she never would go outside her own house in daylight. When she went to Tergou it was after dusk, and she returned before daybreak. She would not even go to matins. At last Peter, unobservant as he was, noticed it, and asked her reason.

"THE FOLK ALL LOOK AT ME SO."

One day, Margaret Van Eyck asked her what was the matter. A scared look and a flood of tears were all the reply; the old lady expostulated gently.

"What, sweetheart, afraid to confide your sorrows to me?"

"I have no sorrows, madam, but of my own making. I am kinder treated than I deserve—especially in this house."

"Then why not come oftener, my dear?"

"I come oftener than I deserve;" and she sighed deeply.

"There, Richt is crying out for you," said Margaret Van Eyck; "go, child!—what on earth can it be?"

Turning possibilities over in her mind, she thought Margaret must be mortified at the contempt with which she was treated by Gerard's family. "I will take them to task for it, at least such of them as are women:" and the very next day she put on her hood and cloak, and followed by Richt went to the hosier's house. Catherine received her with much respect, and thanked her with tears for her kindness to Gerard. But when, encouraged by this, her visitor diverged to Margaret Brandt, Catherine's eyes dried, and her lips turned to half the size, and she looked as only obstinate, ignorant women can look. When they put on this cast of features, you might as well try to soften or convince a brick wall. Margaret Van Eyck tried, but all in vain. So then, not being herself used to be thwarted, she got provoked, and at last went out hastily with an abrupt and mutilated curtsey, which Catherine returned with an air rather of defiance than obeisance. Outside the door Margaret Van Eyck found Richt conversing with a pale girl on crutches. Margaret Van Eyck was passing them with heightened color, and a scornful toss intended for the whole family, when suddenly a little delicate hand glided timidly into hers, and looking round she saw two dove-like eyes, with the water in them, that sought hers gratefully, and, at the same time imploringly. The old lady read this wonderful look, complex as it was, and down went her choler. She stooped and kissed Kate's brow. "I see," said she. "Mind, then, I leave it to you." Returned home, she said—"I have been to a house to-day where I have seen a very common thing and a very uncommon thing: I have seen a stupid, obstinate woman, and I have seen an angel in the flesh, with a face—if I had it here I'd take down my brushes once more, and try and paint it."

Little Kate did not belie the good opinion so hastily formed of her. She waited a better opportunity, and told her mother what she had learned from Richt Heynes, that Margaret had shed her very blood for Gerard in the wood.

"See, mother, how she loves him."

"Who would not love him!"

"Oh, mother, think of it! Poor thing!"

"Ay, wench. She has her own trouble, no doubt, as well as we ours. I can't abide the sight of blood, let alone my own."

This was a point gained; but when Kate had to follow it up she was stopped short.

About a month after this a soldier of the Dalgetty tribe, returning from service in Tuscany, brought a letter one evening to the hosier's house. He was away on business; but the rest of the family sat at supper. The soldier laid the letter on the table by Catherine, and telling them he had his guerdon for bringing it, went off to Sevenbergen.

Although for a long time they had hoped and expected this, yet when it did come it took them by surprise.

The letter was unfolded and spread out: and curiously enough, though not one of them could read, they could all tell it was Gerard's handwriting.

"And your father must be away," cried Catherine. "Are ye not ashamed of yourselves? not one that can read your brother's letter?"

But although the words were to them what hieroglyphics are to us, there was something in the letter they could read. There is an art can speak without words: unfettered by the penman's limits, it can steal through the eye into the heart and brain, alike of the learned and unlearned, and it can cross a frontier or a sea, yet lose nothing. It is at the mercy of no translator; for it writes a universal language.

When, therefore, they saw a representation of two clasped hands, which Gerard had drawn with his pencil between the two short paragraphs of which his letter consisted, they read it, and it went straight to their hearts.

Gerard was bidding them farewell.

As they gazed on that simple sketch, in every turn and line of which they recognized his manner, Gerard seemed present, and bidding them farewell.

The women wept over it till they could see it no longer.

Giles said, "Poor Gerard!" in a lower voice than seemed to belong to him.

Even Cornelis and Sybrandt felt a momentary remorse, and sat enjoying it gloomily.

But how to get the words read to them.—They were loth to show their ignorance and emotion—both to a stranger.

"The Dame Van Eyck!" said Kate, timidly.

"And so I will, Kate. She has a good heart. She loves Gerard, too. She will be glad to hear of him. I was short with her when she came here, but I will make my submission, and then she will tell me what my poor child says to me."

She was soon at Margaret Van Eyck's house. Richt took her into a room, and said,

"Bide a minute; she is at her orisons."

There was a young woman in the room, seated pensively by the stove; but she rose and courteously made way for the visitor.

"Thank you, young lady; the winter nights are cold, and your stove is inviting."

Catherine, then, while warming her hands, inspected her companion furtively from head to foot, both inclusive. The young person wore an ordinary wimple, but her gown was trimmed with fur, which was, in those days, almost a sign of superior rank or wealth. But what most struck Catherine was the candor and modesty of the face. She felt sure of sympathy from so good a countenance, and began to gossip.

"Now, what think you brings me here, gay lady? It is a letter; a letter from my poor boy that is far away in some savage part or other. And I take shame to say that none of us can read it. I wonder whether you can read?"

"Yes."

"Can ye, now? It is much to your credit, my dear. I dare say she won't be long; but every minute is an hour to a poor longing mother!"

"I will read it to you."

"Bless you, my dear: bless you!"

In her unfeigned eagerness she never noticed the suppressed eagerness with which the hand was slowly put out to take the letter. She did not see the tremor with which the fingers closed on it. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Death of Senator Broderick—Later from California.—By the Overland and New Orleans mails of the 16th and 20th, we have the accounts of a duel fought between Senator Broderick and Judge Terry.

The duel took place near San Francisco, on the morning of the 13th ult. Senator Broderick fell on the first fire—pierced through the lungs. He lingered until half-past 9 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, when he died.

The community was profoundly agitated by this melancholy event. Judge Terry was not hurt.

Some of the passengers from San Francisco evince a disposition to make it appear that Senator Broderick was the victim of a conspiracy, resulting in the duel with Judge Terry, but the most prominent passengers assert that the duel was conducted in strict accordance with the misnamed code of honor. Mr. Broderick's pistol went off before he had raised it to a line with his antagonist. Judge Terry's shot took effect two inches from the right nipple, carrying away part of the breast bone. Mr. Broderick suffered the most intense agony from the time he was shot till he died. All the flags in the city were displayed at half-mast, and the emblems of mourning appeared in all directions.

The funeral had taken place at San Francisco, and was the most imposing demonstration ever witnessed there. The public is much incensed against his opponent Judge Terry, who has been arrested to await an investigation.

The steamer Star brings a large mail and Government despatches.

Attack on Brownsville, Texas.—The city of Brownsville, Texas, was attacked on the 28th ult., by a band of Mexican guerillas, who killed five of its citizens, broke open the jail, and set free the prisoners, and committed other high-handed outrages on the persons and property of the inhabitants.

An intense excitement prevailed. The Mexicans had sent aid from Metamoras.

The guerillas, one hundred strong, mounted on horseback, rode into the city and posted sentinels in various portions of it.

Gen. Carvajal and others from Matamoras arrived in the city and persuaded the outlaws to leave.

The Brownsville Flag (extra) thanks the military and civil authorities of Matamoras for their timely assistance, and blames the Government for leaving them so defenceless.

Remarkable.—We learn from a gentleman, well acquainted with the facts, that some time in March last an old gentleman, residing for many years in Davie, was sitting in his house, a few feet from an open window, when a dove flew in and alighted on his shoulder. He kept his seat, but called to his daughter, who was in an adjoining room, to come quickly. She came in, and pointing at the bird, he told her to take it off and put it in a cage, and take care of it as long as it lived. She gently lifted the bird off and caged it as directed, her father remarking to her at the same time, "My race is nearly over; I shall die in two weeks." He was then in ordinary health; but, strange to say, he died that day two weeks. The bird is yet in its cage, and in the possession of the family, who regard it with feelings of peculiar sadness.—*Salisbury (N. C.) Watchman.*

Disaster to the Quaker City.—About a hundred of the passengers who left New York on the steamer Quaker City, about the middle of last week, have put into Norfolk on board the brig Dumbarton. An accident happened to the engine of the Quaker City, and the passengers became alarmed at the report that the vessel was leaking, and signals of distress were made on board, which brought the brig to the rescue of the passengers. The officers and a dozen passengers remained on board the Quaker City. Considerable apprehension is felt for their safety.

From Victoria.—The dates from Victoria are to the 7th ult. The Colonist says that the United States troops on San Juan island are throwing up fortifications on the summit of the hill below the Hudson Bay Company's station.

Miss Magdelene Hardy, of Delaware county, New York, has just recovered $500 damages from Freeland Cochran, who had been "her friend from childhood," for a breach of marriage promise. The offence was aggravated from the fact that "he very often took breakfast at her father's house."

Mississippi Election.—New Orleans, Oct. 8.—Full returns have been received from all points, which show that the Democrats have carried Mississippi by a vast majority.

☞ The man who loves his fellow men. The King of the Cannibal Islands.—*Sat. Press.*

☞ An old Grecian philosopher advises all men to know themselves. That's advising a good many to form very low and disreputable acquaintances.

☞ An amateur violincellist had the honor of playing before Rossini. "The great maestro," said our man, some ten years after, 'was so enchanted with my playing, that, interrupting me in the middle of a *cantabile*, he gave me a kiss upon the forehead. From that time, in order to preserve the illustrious imprint, *I have never washed the spot.*"—*Dwight's Journal of Music.*

☞ Men of ability, probity, and character are valued, whatever may be their business, and mere talent without the counterbalance of some moral qualities goes for nothing in earning the respect of the world.

☞ When a man is hideously ugly, the only safety is in glorying in it. Let him boldly claim it as a distinction.

NEWS ITEMS.

It appears from the accounts of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., that they have expended $75,000 in establishing "The Atlantic Monthly," and that the largest profits of that periodical in any one year have been $4,000. Bad business that! It will be carried on by the assignees until they shall decide what disposition shall be made of the same. It will, in all probability, be offered for sale. The assignees gave bonds in the sum of $40,000 each.

An attempt at economy by one of the Rothchilds, is told in a French paper. Going to Paris, he registered eight trunks at Metz, but only seven arrived. He was very anxious, telegraphed to Metz, and learned that the eighth had been left behind on account of its excessive weight. In reply to a question, he said it contained a million of twenty franc pieces! The price of registering was at once augmented from 100f. to 625f. much to the capitalist's chagrin, though he got the valuable baggage.

A Duel Between two Notorious Characters.—*New York, Oct. 3.*—On Saturday, the notorious Billy Mulligan and the equally notorious Capt. De Riviere, went to Hoboken to fight a duel. Both parties backed out. This morning Mulligan "posted" the gallant Zouave. This afternoon the fighting Captain publishes a card, in which he denounces Mr. Mulligan as a "cowardly ruffian, who can only insult a man when he is full of rum." Billy was driven out of California by the Vigilance Committee, and has a fashion of biting off the noses of his antagonists. The Captain is now a doomed man and food for a "Crowner's 'quest."

The collector of the port of New Orleans refused a clearance to the steamship Philadelphia, for Aspinwall, as she had been engaged to take Walker and several hundred fillibusters to Nicaragua. They therefore sailed in their own steamer, from Berwick Bay, without a clearance; but returned a day or two afterwards, hungry and tired.

Mr. Harris, our consul at Japan, has been presented with a magnificent gold snuff-box by Queen Victoria. The box is about six inches in length, four in width, and two in depth, and is of wrought gold, handsomely washed. On the top is the Queen's cypher surrounded by a wreath of diamonds. The gift is a most splendid one, and valued at $2,000.

New Kind of Bread.—A new kind of bread, known as the "crated bread," is now made in London, in the manufacture of which no fermentation is used. The process consists in forcing ready-prepared carbonic acid, by means of suitable machinery, into the water with which the dough is prepared, then mixing the flour, water, and salt together in a highly condensed atmosphere. From the mixing apparatus the dough is received in the baking-pans, and passed into the ovens without being touched by the hands. By this means the constituency of the flour is left both unchanged and uncontaminated, the loaf being absolutely pure bread.

The apple crop of New York is said to be unusually large this season. Upwards of 100,000 barrels are said to be now awaiting shipment at the stations on the Rochester and Niagara division of the railroad.

Not Posted.—The London Illustrated Times is evidently not "up," as the actors say, in American politics. Think of such a bundle of errors as is found in the following extract from its budget of American news, under the date of September 17th:

"The Presidential nominations form the chief topic of conversation in America. There are three candidates in the field—Wire, Douglas and Bolts. At the last accounts Bolts was a little ahead."

By *Wire*, probably H. A. Wise is meant, and by *Bolts* Botts.

A lady came near losing her life by a singular accident, in Louisville, while riding in a buggy. One end of a scarf, which she wore around her shoulders, blew off, and was caught in the spokes of one of the rapidly revolving wheels of the vehicle, and wound up in such a manner as to draw her neck down to the wheel, choking her severely.

The Staffordshire (England) Advertiser says that it has means of knowing that "Adam Bede" was written by Miss Evans; that the scene of the book is laid in that county and the adjoining county of Derby, "Loamshire" representing the former, and "Stoneyshire" the latter. "Treaddlestone," the place where Adam and Seth are said to have resided, is a play on Ellastone, where the real characters in the book lived, and where the grandson of Adam Bede and Dinah Morris is now living, engaged in a kindred branch of trade to that of his grandfather, and possessed of many of his sterling qualities. The Vicar was also vicar of Blyth and rector of Broxton (Croxton,) both in the neighborhood. The manor house is still standing, and the statue in front of it, mentioned in the book, is to be seen at Ellastone at the present time.

The water in London is detestable; when you drink it you are reminded of a weak solution of Epsom salts, and when you wash in it, of the sand in which the Arabs, when in the desert, are allowed to perform their ablutions. Why the English are a nation of beer drinkers is perfectly intelligible to any one who comes to England. How my soul has panted here for the ice-waters of home, and how my ear has languished for the musical rattle of the melting crystal against the sides of the pitcher—a sound sweeter in a hot day than harp or dulcimer.—*Mr. Hillard, in Boston Courier.*

The Filibusters.—A dispatch from Washington, to the N. Y. Times, says:—Lord Lyon, the British Plenipotentiary, had a protracted interview with Secretary Cass to-day, in regard to the departure of the Nicaragua Expedition. He announced the determination of his government to protect Nicaragua by force against invasion. The right and propriety of this course is recognized by the government of the United States; and therefore a telegraphic dispatch was at once expedited to the commander of the British squadron, directing him to land such force as may be required for the expulsion of the fillibusters, should they succeed in effecting a landing.

England and China.—The first blast from the English journals breathed nothing but war and subjugation for China for its treachery towards the English. But there is a marked change in the tone of the papers since then. Some of them even say that the disaster could have been avoided by less precipitation and less display of arrogance by British functionaries. The London Times expresses doubts whether it was desirable as a diplomatic measure to use force at all, and the Manchester Guardian says the English were the aggressors.

The Georgia Election.—The election resulted in favor of the Democrats in all the Congressional districts except the third and the seventh. In the seventh district Joshua Hill (Opposition) has been re-elected by a majority of 250. Mr. Jones, the Democratic candidate in the eighth district, has been elected by a majority ranging from 250 to 350. Governor Brown has been re-elected by fully 15,000 majority.

The Portland (Oregon) papers of the 10th ult., publish the reply of Gen. Harney to Gov. Douglas' letter of the 13th of August. In his reply he accepts the explanation of Gov. Douglas as an apology for his past conduct, but evidently reposes no faith in his professions, and declines to withdraw the troops from San Juan until the pleasure of President Buchanan is known on the subject.

The Sunday Trade Question in Philadelphia.—Judge Ludlow delivered a decision on Saturday morning, in the Court of Quarter Sessions, in the case of Wm. H. Jeandelle, charged with a breach of the peace in running a passenger car on the Sabbath. The defendant was discharged, on the ground that his act of driving a car did not seriously disturb citizens in their enjoyment of worship, and therefore no breach of the peace was committed within the meaning of the law.

NEWS ITEMS.

CRICKET.—At Hoboken the English players won the match in one innings, and had sixty-four runs to spare.

THE letter from New York city to which Governor Wise, of Virginia, wrote his famous reply, was dated at No. 3 William street, and signed B. Donnelly. But the New York directory contained no such name at that house, and all the persons of that name in the book were laborers, who could not have written the letter. Latterly, however, some sharp fellow, finding the house at No. 3 William street to let, has rented it, and set up an auction business there under the name of "B. Donnelly, Auctioneer," seeking to make money by the attention directed to the name.

THE overland immigration to California, this season, according to the latest accounts from Salt Lake, reached 10,000.

THE New-Haven Register relates that an actor at one of the theatres was called out four times in one evening not long ago—twice by a Sheriff, once by a tailor, and once by an irresistible desire to take a drink.

A STATEMENT was made at a late Convention of the Congregational clergymen of New Hampshire, that *not one pastor in the whole Convention used tobacco.*

A NEW volume by the late Margaret Fuller D'Ossoli, entitled "Life Without and Life Within," will soon be issued by Brown, Taggard & Chase, of Boston. It is prepared by her brother, the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, from her unpublished manuscripts.

THE poet Tennyson has returned from Lisbon to London much charmed with his glimpses of the Peninsula, but a good deal irritated by heat and musquitoes. Last year he visited Norway, and crossed the Scandinavian limb of Europe. His is a mind and eye that catch and reproduce characteristic aspects of nature with daguerreotypic fidelity and force. But he suffers from the physical discomfort of travelling too much to really enjoy it. There is no truth in the report that his health is impaired, and that a trip to the United States has been recommended as a cure. He was never better in his life.

CAPTURE OF THE FILLIBUSTERS.—New Orleans, Oct 7.—The fillibusters have been arrested at the Southwest Pass, by the U. S. Marshal, assisted by the detachment of artillery. The men peaceably surrendered at 1 o'clock today. The company of artillery were from Baton Rouge. The fillibusters arrested carried no arms with them.

Accounts from Mississippi show a decided majority in favor of the Democratic ticket.

A ROMANTIC SHEPHERD.—The Rev. A. Wright, pastor at Cleveland, Ohio, has been expelled from his Conference by a vote of 54 to 40, his offence being, as alleged, romantic walks by moonlight, with young sisters in the church, kisses, &c.

A PROPHECY.—One week, one month, perhaps, and the world may see a French Prince of the blood seated on the throne of Tuscany and Central Italy, another Prince of the same blood wearing the crown of the two Sicilies, or Southern Italy, and a French cardinal, or an Italian prelate in the French interest, occupying the chair of St. Peter—a chair propped up by French bayonets at Bologna, as it is now at Rome. Piedmont, as the Turin Diriotto aptly expresses it, surrounded by French forces on three sides, will be nothing better—nay, something far worse, than a French Prefecture, and Venice, in the hands of Austria, will be made to atone for the sins of her stiff-necked sisters of Central Italy, agreeably to the prospect ominously held out by the Moniteur.—*Italian Letter in the Times.*

THE KANSAS CONSTITUTION.—Leavenworth, Kansas, Oct. 7.—The adoption of the Wyandotte Constitution is rendered certain, by the reception of returns from the most important counties. The majority will probably reach four thousand.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1846		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	102	—
" " '68	102	—
" 5 " coupon '74 a 1021	102	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99	99½
" " new	104	—
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	—	55
All'gy City 6 pr ct	63	73
" County	—	—
R R issue	43½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93	93½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	86	86
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1886	104½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91	91
N Y City, 6's, 5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	156	157
Philadelphia	—	120
Far & Mec	57½	58
Commercial	—	51
N Liberty	41	—
Mechanics	27½	27½
Southwark	68	—
P Township	55	55
Kensington	64	65
Girard	—	42
Western	—	66
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	82½	—
City	42½	—
Consolidation	—	25
Commonwealth	34	25
Corn Exchange	101	—
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	54	—
Exchange "	14	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	115	118
Farmers "	150	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	108	108
Planters "	113½	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	9½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Granada	—	—
N American Ins'co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	60
Hoods	—	85
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	—	100½
2nd "	—	85
stock	—	49
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1854	—	96
stock	128	125
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	79
mort 6's '44	90	—
" '86	69½	70
stock	20½	20½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	89	93
stock	60½	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	82½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	36½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wil'mo & Elmira 7's 1st mort	46	48
2nd "	—	15
stock	4	1
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	55½	55½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	84	84
6 pr ct loan	62	62½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	19	20½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	—	58
Har & Lan R R stock	56	60
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	18
Long Island R R stock	19	104
bonds	92	95
Erie R R stock	71	72
Hudson River R R	37½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois	64	—
Michigan Southern	71	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '42	70	71
imp. 6 pr ct	79	80
stock	3	3½
preferred	16½	18½
Lehigh Nav stock	—	50½
mort 6 pr ct	—	—
scrip	23½	25
Morris Consol'd	50	50½
preferred	104½	—
Ches & Del	60	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	1	—
bonds	25	31
Bus & Tidewater	3½	4
bonds, 1878	—	74

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street. *Philadelphia, Oct. 8, 1859.*

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Sol bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
CONNECTICUT
Solv bks ¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¼ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ½ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks ¼ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ½ dis
INDIANA.
State bank ¼ dis
ILLINOIS
Solv bks 2½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ½ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old bks 2½ dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 2 dis
WISCONSIN
Solv bks 2 dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis

CALIFORNIA ELECTION.—There can be little doubt of the election of the entire Democratic ticket by decided majorities. Latham will have a majority of 8,000 or more over the united vote of the Opposition candidates. Scott and Burch, Administration nominees for Congress, will not have more than 2,000 or 3,000 majority over Baker and McKibben.

The Lecompton Democrats have nearly the whole Legislature.

The Constitutional Convention project, submitted to popular vote, is defeated by the neglect of the people to vote on it, the law requiring a majority of the votes cast.

COUNT KISSELEF, and the other chiefs of Russian missions in foreign countries, are expected shortly to repair to St. Petersburg, to be present at the ceremony attending the coming of age of the heir to the imperial throne.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

This is a complaint very common, especially among females. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS never fails to cure this disease. The system, under its use, is restored to its original strength and vigor, the appetite becomes good, the spirits become cheerful, and in body and mind you feel the full restoration of health. For sale by druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere at 75 cents per bottle.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour have slightly increased this week, but the high rates now current for Wheat has induced rather more firmness on the part of holders; the demand, however, for shipment continues limited, and the market has ruled steady and firm, but very inactive during the entire week, the sales for export reaching some 8000 bbls in lots at $5 for superfine, $5,50@5,75 for good and choice extras, and $6@6,50 for extra family and fancy lots; the sales to the trade have been to a fair extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and extra fancy at higher rates, according to quality. Rye Flour is very scarce, and prices are better, with small sales at $4,12½ ₱ bbl, at which rate there are more buyers than sellers. Corn Meal has also advanced, and all offered—some 400 bbls Penna—sold at $3,75, closing in good request and scarce at that price.

GRAIN—Wheat comes in slowly, and holders, in consequence, have put up their prices fully 5c ₱ bus, since the close of last week; about 25,000 bus have been taken for milling, at from 115 to 125c for common to prime Penn'a. and Southern reds, and 128 to 138c for white, closing firmly at the highest figures. Rye is scarce, and all offered, some 5000 bus have been sold in small lots at 85@87c for new Southern—the latter for a prime lot—and 90c for Pennsylvania. Corn has been very scarce, and about 25,000 bus yellow have been disposed of, part for shipment, at an advance of 5@7c ₱ bus, prices ranging at from 87 to 94c in store and afloat, closing to-day at the latter rate. Oats are also 2@3c ₱ bus better, with sales of 22,000 bus to note at 38@41c for prime Southern and Pennsylvania, and 36@38c for fair; some heavy Northern Oats brought 43c. Barley is firm, with sales of common Pennsylvania at 65@70c, and some prime Canada at 90c. Of Barley Malt, sales are reported at 85c for old, and 90c for prime winter.

PROVISIONS—The market is firm, but the reduced state of the stock, and high views of holders limits operations. Mess Pork is selling at $16,50, and City Mess Beef at $15,50 ₱ bbl, but the demand is mostly for ships' stores at those rates. Bacon is better, with sales at 8½@8¾c for Shoulders, 10½@10¾c for Sides, and 11@12c for plain and fancy Hams. Of Green Meats the stock is nearly exhausted, and Shoulders in salt have been sold at 8@8½c, Sides 9¾c, and Hams 9¾c ₱ lb. Lard is more active at 11½@11¾c for barrels and tierces, and 12½@12¾c for kegs; with sales of 500 packages at these rates. Butter sells slowly at 10@12c for packed, and 12@14c for roll. Cheese is steady at 9½@10c ₱ lb, and Eggs at 16½@17c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled, and prices irregular, mostly ruling in favor of the buyers, who come forward slowly, and purchased only to supply their immediate wants, sales including about 900 bales in lots, at from 10½ to 14½ for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron has declined to $28 ₱ ton, at which rate there is a steady demand, with sales of about 80 hhds first No 1 at that figure; the receipts are moderate. Of Tanners' Bark further sales of Chestnut Oak are reported at $11 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is scarce and generally held above the views of buyers, who are purchasing at 36c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is rather more demand to go east, and prices are unchanged, but the scarcity of vessels limits operations, and the market is dull for the season. Nothing new in Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—The market is firm at the advanced noted last week, and further sales of 4000 bags Rio are reported at 11@12¼c as in quality. Some small sales of St. Domingo are also reported at 10½c all on time.

COPPER continues dull at quotations. Yellow Metal is selling as wanted at 20c 6 months.

FEATHERS come in slowly, and good western are selling at 48@50c ₱ lb, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT—We notice further sales of green Apples at $1,50@3 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Jersey Cranberries are beginning to come in, and sell at $10@12 ₱ bbl. In dried Fruit there is little or nothing doing as yet. Apples are held at 6c, and Peaches, quarters, at 8c ₱ lb.

HEMP—We hear of no sales to alter quotations, most of the stock being in the hands of manufacturers.

HIDES continue dull, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, and the only sale reported is 1500 Caracoas, on terms kept private.

HOPS are held firmly, with about the usual business doing in new crop Eastern at 15@16c, and Western at 17@18c ₱ lb.

IRON—The stock of Pig Metal is very much reduced, and the market is firm, but quiet at previous quotations, sales only reaching some 1500 tons Anthracite in lots at $23@23½ for No 1, and $22@22½ for No 2 on time, and the latter is very scarce. Of Scotch Pig the market is bare; the last sales were at $23½, on time, from the wharf. There is nothing doing in Blooms or Boiler Plates worthy of notice. In manufactured Iron there is a fair business doing; prices are steady.

LEAD is quiet, but without any change to note, and no sales have come under our notice this week.

LEATHER—Good stock continues in request, and firm at former quotations, and other kinds are neglected, and the market generally dull.

LUMBER—Trade is not so active as usual, at this season, but prices are without any quotable change and the sales mostly confined to lots from the yards. There is not much arriving.

MOLASSES—The stock is light, and the market for most kinds, is better, but there is very little doing in the way of sales.

PLASTER is steady, with further sales at $2,75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—New Cloverseed is beginning to come forward, and sales are making in lots at from $5,25 @5,75 as in quality, mostly at $5,50@5,62½ ₱ bus to the dealers. Of Timothy, small sales are reported, at from $2,25 to $2,62½ ₱ bus for common to prime seed. The demand is limited. Domestic Flaxseed is unsettled, and sales have been made at $1,55@160 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is rather more firmness in Brandy, but the transactions have been light. Gins are quiet but without any change to note. N. E. Rum is steady at 36@38c. Whiskey is better and more active, selling at 25½@26c for drudge, 25½@27c for hhds, 27@27½c for Pennsylvania bbls, and 28@28½c for Ohio do, closing at the highest figures.

SUGAR—The market has been rather quiet this week, owing to the firmness of holders, but without any changes to note, and only some 500 hhds, mostly Cuba, have been disposed of at from 6½ to 7¼c, including New Orleans at 7½@7¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is steady, and a moderate business in city rendered at 11c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO remains quiet, and prices about the same as last quoted.

WOOL—Stocks are light and prices firm, but there has been very little movement in the market this week. Among the transactions we notice common at 40@42c, and quarter to full blood and fine fleece at from 45 to 55@62c.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 8.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm; sales of 9500 bbls at $5,30@5,50 for Ohio. Wheat quiet. Corn buoyant; mixed is held at 97c. Pork quiet. Lard firm. Whiskey dull at 28c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—44 head I Abrahams, Ohio, 8¼@9; 21 D Eckman, do, 3@4; 59 B Baldwin, Chester co, 8@9½; 28 M Courson, 8¾@9½; 66 H Chain, Fayette co, 3½@4½; 36 B Gray, Ohio, 8@8½; 46 W P Neal, Pa. 3@4, 56 J Bastable, Va, 7½@8½; 38 T Strickland, 7@8, 96 D W Bradbury, Ills, 3½@4; 32 Coates & Trainor, Chester co, 8@9; 46 E McQuaid, Ills, 7½@9. Sheep—3465 head at market, and selling at 7½ to 8c ₱ lb. Cows—50 head at market, and selling from $25 to 50, according to quality.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—7 head R Kennedy, Del co, 7½; 17 M Lewis, Huntingdon co, 8½; P Hathaway, Va, 7½@8; 19 G Darlington, Chester co, 8@8½; 38 J McFillin, do, 7½@8½; 24 P McFillin, Va, 3½@4; 18 J P Scarlett, Lancaster co, 8@9, 37 Hupp & Cochran, Ohio, 8½; 19 B Chandler, Chester co, 8@9; 5 W B Heck, Md, 3½; 114 J Tucker, by Hathaway & Co, Va, 7@8½.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1800 head were at market, and sold at $7 to 8,25 ₱ 100 lbs, according to quality.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. Jones, of Wyoming, N. Y., Mr. JAMES RUSSELL, to Miss ANNE JONES, daughter of Wm. Jones, of this city, and sister of the officiating clergyman.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, A. P. COLESBERRY, to MARY A. eldest daughter of the late Saml. Bailie, of Pittsburg.

On the 1st instant, at the Church of the Epiphany, by the Rev. J. W. Cracraft, OWEN J. WISTER, M. D. of Germantown, to SARAH, daughter of Pierce Butler, Esq.

On the 28th ultimo, at the house of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. A. Stone, Mr. EDMUND M. IVENS, of New Orleans, to Miss EMILY L. daughter of Rowland Jones, of Tamaqua, Pa.

On the 5th instant, GEORGE VAUX, of this city, to SARAH H. daughter of Levi Morris, of Lower Merion township, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 4th of July, by the Rev N. B. Baldwin, Mr. WILLIAM B. WARE, to Miss OPHELIA S. HIRST, daughter of Chas. A. Hirst, Esq.

On the 22 ultimo, by the Rev. Jacob M. Douglas, Mr. WILLIAM H. STEEL, to Miss REBECCA N. RUTH, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. F. Stroble, Mr. W. FITZPATRICK, to Miss M. CONNOCHIN, of this city.

In Camden, on the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. J. F. Garrison, Mr. WILLIAM FORD, to Miss BEULAH A. KIRBY, both of Swedesboro', N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Lykenstown, Pa. on the 29th ultimo, after a protracted illness, which she bore with Christian patience, CATHARINE C. BARRETT, wife of S. H. Barrett, formerly of Holmesburg.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH FREDERICK, aged 60 years.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM B. GREBBY, aged 30 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARY D. SCHULTZ, aged 46 years.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM A. LEONARD, aged 42 years.

On the 3d instant, MARY A. wife of J. B. Smith, aged 33 years.

At Frankfort, on the 1st instant, Mrs. ANN LAWTON, aged 53 years.

On the 1st instant, ELISABETH DIBBEY, aged 20 years.

On the 1st instant, ANN ELIZA, wife of Wm Yerger, aged 53 years.

On the 30th ultimo, WILLIAM HUDSON, aged 40 years.

On the 29th ultimo, MICHAEL SELLERS, aged 38 years.

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The most complete book for instruction, in playing the Melodeon, Seraphine, Eolicon, Melopeon, Organ, and all similar instruments. Price, $2. Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.
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But to those who have never as yet seen them, we take the liberty to say, that their unrivalled delicacy and minuteness of finish, the softness, beauty and naturalness of their coloring, and their accuracy of resemblance, even in expression—to the life—commend these pictures in no ordinary degree to their early attention.

We would add, that copies from Daguerreotypes and Ambrotypes of the deceased, have of late received our earnest attention, and that *these* also are now within our control.

No *sitting*, except for the Photograph, in our practice, is ever required.

We take this opportunity to thank those whose miniatures we have already made, for the commendations and recommendations of our works, of which we continually hear from their friends. And we desire also to express our obligations to the Press for the generous encomiums which we have so generally received at their hands.

Portraits on Canvass of all sizes, as heretofore.
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BESTOR'S GOLDEN PEN IS NOT ONLY A BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE!

But is the most Economical Pen that can be used. Though before the Public, but comparatively a short time, yet it has created for itself its own popularity, and wherever introduced or shown, commands an immediate sale.

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The peculiarities of the GOLDEN PEN are numerous. They are *well-tempered* and *smooth*; are made of the *finest elastic materials*, and then plated and pointed with the *best Gold Finish*, giving them a most *attractive* and *beautiful* appearance; *will not corrode*, and have *never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction.*

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MOSES THE SASSY;

OR, THE DISTINGUISHED DUKE.

A TALE OF BLOOD AND THINGS.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

CHAPTER I.

MOSES.

My story opens in the classic freestinks of Bosting. In the parlor of a aristocratic manshun on Beacon street sits a lovely young lady whose hair is covered ore with the frosts of 17 summers. She has just sot down at the Piany & is singing the poplar peace calld Smells of the Notion, in which she tells how with Pensiv Thawt she wondered by a C beet shore. The Son is settin in its horrizon, and its gorjus lite pores in a golden meller fluid through the winders and makes the bootiful young lady twice as bootiful as she was be4, which is onnecessary. She is magnificently dressed up in a Berage basque with Poplin trimmings, More Antique edges and 3 ply carpeting. Her dress contanes 12 flounders, brilliantly ornamented with horn buttons, and her shoes are red morocker with gold spangles onto them. Presently she presses her hands to her buzzum and starts up in a excited manner. "Methinks," she whispers in clarion tones, "I see a voice!" A noble youth of 27 summers, scrapes the mud from his bates in the hall and enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis which last air turned up over his bates, and his hat is bewitchingly cockt on one side of his classical hed. In sooth he was a noble child. Grease, in its barmicst days near projuced a more gallanter herow than Moses. The young lady gazes upon him for a few periods, claps her hands together, strikes a position, and rollin her I's wildly like a expirin infantile cow, cries:

"Ha! do my I's decsive my earsight? That frame? them store clothes? *those* voice! it is—it is me own, me only Moses?" and he folded her to his hart. "Methinks I shall swoon," she said, and pretty soon she swoonded.

CHAPTER II.

WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH.

Moses was foreman of Ingine Kumpany Number 40. The 40's had jest bin havin a pleasant fite with the 50's on the day I introduce Moses to my readers. When Elizy (for that was the lovely young lady's name) rekivered from her swoon she asked:

"How has the battle gone? Tell me!"

"Elizy," said the brave young man, drawin hisself up to his full hite, "we chawed 'em up and smashed their old mersheen all ter pieces!"

"I thank the gods," she cride, "thou did'st full well, and hence4th I ware thee in me hart of harts! And, Moses," she continnerd, layin her hed confidinly agin his weskit, "dost thou know I sumtimes think that thow wastest of noble birth?"

"No!" sez he, wildly ketching hold of hisself, "you don't say so?"

"Indeed do I," she sed. "Your ded grandfather's sperrit camest to me the other nite and sez he, 'Moses is a disguised Juke!'"

"You mean Duke," sed Moses.

"Does not the actors call it Juke?" she said sternly.

That settled the matter.

"I hav thought of this thing afore," said Moses, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not to B—that air's the question! But no more of this now. Dry up. Oh, life—life, you're *too many for me!*" He tore out some of his pretty yeller hair, stamped on the floor wildly, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.

THE PIRUT FOILED.

Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the scens narrowated in the larst chapter took place. A noble ship, the Sary Jane, is sailin from France to Amerika threw the Wabash Canawl. A Pirut ship is in hot pursoot of the Sary Jane. The capting of the S. J. looks fateeged & as tho he had lost all of his parents. The Pirut is clost on to him & he is about givin in, when a fine looking feller in russit buties and a buffaler overcut rushes forrerd and sez to the capting, sez he,

"Old man! go down stares. Retire to the starberd bulkhed. Ile take charge of this Bote!"

"Owdashus cuse!" said the capting, "away with thee or I shall do murder-der-r-r!"

"Scarcely," says the noble feller, and he drew a diamond hilted sword and cut the capting's hed off.

"Oh that I shood liv to becum a ded body!" sed the capting, as he fell to the deck. He expired shortly afterwards, being fatally killed.

"People!" sed the noble feller, "I'm the Juke de Moses!"

"Old hoss, methinks thou art blowin!" sed a youth of 49 summers, and the Juke cut off his hed likewise. "Don't print any verses on my deth in the noosepapers," screamed the unfortunt young man as he fell ded on the deck, "for if yer do I'll haunt yer!"

"People!" continued the Juke, "I alone kin save you from yon bluddy and unprincipled pirats! What hoa there! A peck of oats!" The oats was immejitly brawt. The Juke took them and bravely mounting a jibpoop he threw them onto the towpath. In a minit the leading hoss hicht to the Pirut Bote cum along, stopt, and commenced fur to devour the oats! The driver swore and hollered at him terrible, but he wouldn't budge a inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the clean jump, was fast leavin the Pirut ship!

"Onct agin do I escape deth!" said the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Juke was Moses the Sassy. He had bin in France about sixteen years and now he was home agin in Bosting. He had some trubble in gettin hisself acknowledged as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dienasty and Borebones were fernenst him, but he finally conkered, and now he has crossed the deep blue C to git his own Elizy. She knew him to onct, as one of his ears and a portion of his nose had bin tuk off in his fights with opposition firemen durin boyhood's sunny hours. They were marridid and went to France, to reside in their ducal Pallis, which was gut up regardlis of expense. They had several children and lived to a green old age, beluved "by all both grate and small," as the Poick sez.

The Pirut Captin was captured, tride, convicted and sentenced to read the next President's message through, word for word. His friends are endevorin to get his sentunce commuted to imprisonment for life, 1 hour in each day to be devoted to reading the Canada papers. He sez this sentunce is worser nor tother one was. Still he don't care much as long he gits his meals regular.

This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail & it is far from bein perfick, but if I hev endoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sarah or as joyous as a flower garding, my objeck will hav bin accomplished. Adoo.

WARN'T ACQUAINTED.—Two drunken fellows were walking along in the rain. The drunkest one then asked:

"Dick (hic) does-er rain (hic)."

"In course it rains," said Dick.

The answer was apparently satisfactory, and they proceeded several rods farther, when the question was again propounded by the anxious searcher after truths under difficulties.

"Dick, I say D (hic) tell me does-er rain?"

"Johnny," said Dick solemnly, "I'm afraid yer drunk; in course its raining."

In a very few minutes Johnny was again troubled with doubts, and sought to solve them

"Dick, seems-er me, (hic) ser-going (hic) er-rain, (hic)?"

Dick, exasperated—"Johnny, yer a fool.—Don't yer see it's raining. Can't yer feel it rainin,' Johnny?"

Johnny—"Souse me D (hic). I ain't much acquainted in this town (hic)."

VERDANCY IN INDIANA.—An insurance agent in this city, a gentleman well and favorably known as a man of truth and veracity, tells the following, in illustration of the verdancy of a gentleman in Pike county, Ind., with whom he had effected a policy of insurance:—In the list of printed questions in the Company's banks there is one like this: "Ashes—how kept?"—The Pike county gentleman was burned out, and after the fire discovered this question in his policy, and, resolving to make a sure thing of his premium, wrote our informant something in this wise: "Dear Sir, I was burned out on the —— day of ——, *and, according to your lows, I have kept the ashes.* They are in barrels; what shall I do with them?"—*Peoria Union.*

A CLEVER IDEA OF HAM.—"We have a little six-year-older at home, who is noted among our friends and acquaintances for his original and precocious sayings.

"The other day he broke out very abruptly with

"'Father, what makes negroes black?'

"Father tried to explain the supposed reasons to suit his comprehension, and in the course of his remarks said that they were descendants of Ham, one of the sons of Noah.—Georgie pondered awhile, and at last brightening up, he said, very gravely,

"'Was it *smoked* ham, father?'"

A DECIDED SELL.—A young man from the country, writes to complain that having seen Fowler & Wells' advertisement to the effect that they had on exhibition "the skulls of the most noted men in the world," he went there and was disappointed in not finding the skulls of Napoleon III., Garibaldi, James Buchanan, Edward Everett, Henry A. Wise, E. Meriam, and Horace Greeley.—*Sat. Press.*

THE MODEL FATHER AT THE SEA SHORE.

"It was a pleasant thing to walk on the beach, and see how amiably that great, good-natured fellow, Paterfamilias, was buried alive by the little ones."—*Extract from Letter.*

Agricultural.

PLANT FRUIT TREES.

Plant them *now*, as soon as the frost has nearly stripped them of their Summer foliage, and in three or four years golden rewards may be reaped, in yellow, juicy apples, and luscious, mellow pears, to say nothing of the stone fruits. The latter are more safely planted in Spring; but do not wait until Spring to set out apple and pear trees. The present is a more leisure season, a better selection can usually be made, and the tree is in its place and ready to start into growth at the ordinary leafing time in Spring. It can also better withstand the drought of mid-summer than when planted in Spring. Perhaps the only exceptions to successful Fall planting are, first, where the soil is wet and the contractions and expansions of superabundant moisture destroy the root fibres; and second, in the case of tender varieties which are liable to winter-kill. A tender tree moved in late Fall can not withstand the extreme cold and sudden changes of Winter, like one which has been unmolested. On this account it is usually advised to plant peach, nectarine, apricot, and sometimes tender plum and cherry trees, in Spring. A few of the late growing and tender sorts of apple trees may also be left until Spring in the northern States; but with the majority of trees, and especially in this latitude and southward, Fall planting may well be commenced with the fall of the leaf.

No universal "directions" for setting out trees can be safely given. As a general thing, it is better to give all trees and plants abundant depth; to prepare the soil under them so that they can send down roots where moisture will always abound, no matter how parched or dry the surface soil. To secure this it is advised to dig a large *deep* hole and fill with rich surface soil. With a single, but very common exception, this rule is a good one. We refer to those localities where the subsoil is clay or hard-pan of so compact a texture as to retain water. Even on these the large-deep-hole method is best, if proper drainage be provided; but in most cases tree planters will not take this trouble or expense. If on such retentive soils the tree be planted in a deep mass of rich earth, its roots will be invited downwards, and they will literally stand in a basin of water. We advise, therefore, that in planting trees, the soil in which they stand be loosened and prepared only to the depth to which it may be kept free from standing water. If a thin surface soil rests upon a retentive subsoil, break up the latter as deeply as possible by subsoiling, and loosen it where the tree is to stand but little deeper than elsewhere. A deep porous soil is always best for fruit trees, but such a soil can not be found in every locality, and where not found, let it be imitated by preparing the soil at hand as deeply as may be. If ploughed nine or ten inches deep, and subsoiled six or seven, it will then be loosened fifteen or sixteen inches deep, and the hole for the tree may be made to that depth, filling it always with surface soil naturally rich, or made so by the addition of rotten manure, or muck, decayed leaves, &c. We have this week examined apple and pear trees fifty to a hundred years and more old, which stood over a clay subsoil, but the roots were spread out in the surface soil thirty to sixty feet in every direction. Usually these old trees are found on limestone soils, loose and porous deeply down, and they are most frequent upon knolls, hillocks or slopes, having a dry, deep, loamy or stony subsoil.

On wet soils good success has been attained by preparing the ground, setting the tree directly upon the surface—no hole being dug—and then placing soil around and upon the roots, up to the collar or point where the soil reached in the original locality. The tree then stands upon or in an artificial hillock, and sends its roots out into the dry surface soil thus prepared. A general rule may be stated thus: Plant the tree on as deep a soil as possible, but avoid putting it where its roots will be far down in a barren subsoil beyond the reach of air and warmth, surrounded with stagnant cold water.

In transplanting all trees, they should usually be planted only as deep as they grew in their original positions. Heaping the earth around the trunk higher than this, often proves fatal. In planting in holes, let there be ample room for the roots to be spread out naturally, and drop in the loose soil around them, packing it down carefully.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

KEEPING PEARS.

The pear is a peculiar fruit in one respect, which should always be kept in mind, viz.: that most varieties are much finer in flavor if picked from the tree, and ripened in the house, than if allowed to become fully matured on the tree. There are a few exceptions to this rule, but they are very few. And, on the other hand, we know a great many varieties which are only second or third rate, when ripened on the tree, but possess the highest and richest flavor if gathered at the proper time, and allowed to mature in the house. This proper season is easily known, first, by the ripening of a few full grown, but worm-eaten specimens, which fall soonest from the tree; and, secondly, by the change of color, and the readiness of the stalk to part from its branch, on gently raising the fruit. The fruit should then be gathered—or so much of the crop as appears sufficiently matured—and spread out on shelves in the fruit room or upon the floor of the garret. Here it will gradually assume its full color, and become deliciously melting and luscious. Many sorts which, ripened in the sun and open air, are rather dry, when ripened within doors are most abundantly melting and juicy. They will also last for a considerably longer period, if ripened in this way—maturing gradually as wanted for use—and being thus beyond the risk of loss or injury by violent storms or high winds.

Winter dessert pears should be allowed to hang on the tree as long as possible, until the nights become frosty. They should then be wrapped separately in paper, packed in kegs, barrels, or small boxes, and placed in a cool, dry room, free from frost. Some varieties, as the D'Aremberg, will ripen finely with no other care than placing them in barrels in the cellar, like apples. But most kinds of the finer winter dessert pears should be brought into a warm apartment for a couple of weeks before their usual season of maturity. They should be kept covered to prevent shrivelling. Many sorts that are comparatively tough if ripened in a cold apartment, become very melting, buttery and juicy, when allowed to mature in a room kept at the temperature of 60 or 70 degrees.—*Downing.*

COAL ASHES AS A FERTILIZER.

We have noticed several communications and editorial discussions in that valuable Agricultural paper, the New England Farmer, remarks the editor of the Boston Commercial Bulletin, upon the properties of coal ashes as a fertilizer. To solve the question affirmatively would be of great importance to farmers and gardeners, especially those living in the vicinity of cities and towns where coal is used for fuel. Without any pretensions to a practical knowledge of the subject, we are tempted to give our experience in a small way. Upon a half acre of land, partly in grass and partly cultivated, we have tried the experiment as follows, with great success:

In November we cleared out of the cellars, ashes made the previous season from seven tons of anthracite coal, mixed with the ashes of one-half cord yellow pine wood used in kindling; to this was added equal parts of horse manure and loam, well mixed together. A part of this was used at the time upon a piece of grass ground more than twenty years in the sward, put on about two inches thick as a top-dressing, which has this year produced two crops of fine grass, in place of white weed and other nuisances, and the ground has shown no signs of being affected by the dry weather. The balance lay in a heap till spring, and was used on the cultivated ground, both for spreading and in the hill.

RESULTS.—While in former years the early potatoes planted from the same kind of seed have invariably rotted before the time for digging, this year there has been the most productive crop of the largest and best quality. The sweet corn averages nine feet in the stalk, the leaves of a clear green, and the ears perfectly filled, and so with all the other vegetables in the garden. We believe coal ashes have been rejected without a fair test. The great hue and cry made about their destructiveness to the trees on our common, instead of leading to careful investigation, resulted in a summary condemnation. The same result might have followed, if lime, plaster, or even wood ashes had been used, as the coal ashes were,—to the depth of two feet or more, unmixed with loam or sand. We hope the experiment will be fairly tested, as everything which helps build up the farmer's manure heap is beneficial not only to him, but to those who depend on him for their vegetables.

GATHERING AND KEEPING APPLES.—In order to secure soundness and preservation, it is indispensably necessary that the fruit should be gathered by hand. For winter fruit the gathering is delayed as long as possible, avoiding severe frosts, and the most successful practice with our extensive orchards is to place the good fruit directly, in a careful manner, in new, tight flour barrels as soon as gathered from the tree. These barrels should be gently shaken while filling, and the head closely pressed in; they are then placed in a cool, shady exposure under a shed open to the air, or on the north side of a building, protected by covering of boards over the top, where they remain for a fortnight, or until the cold becomes too severe, when they are carefully transferred to a cool, dry cellar, in which air can be admitted occasionally in brisk weather.

A cellar, for this purpose, should be dug in dry, gravelly, or sandy soil, with, if possible, a slope to the north; or, at any rate, with openings on the north side for the admission of air very rarely in weather not excessively cold. Here the barrels should be placed on tiers on their sides, and the cellar should be kept as dark as possible. In such a cellar, one of the largest apple growers in Dutchess county is able to keep the Greening apple, which, in the fruit-room, usually decays in January, until the first of April, in the freshest and finest condition. Some persons place a layer of clean rye straw between every layer of apples, when packing them in barrels.—*Downing.*

EXTIRPATING THISTLES FROM GRASS LANDS.—A correspondent of the London Field, in commenting upon this class of pests, remarks that there have appeared few things more extraordinary in the history of farming knowledge than the perverse tenacity with which prejudice has so long preferred the scythe to the roller in keeping down thistles. In the North Riding of Yorkshire, as far back as forty years ago, the roller was an improved instrument for destroying thistles in pasture grounds: and most effective was it found to be, the bruise and crush of the top of the plant extending its mortification to the root. No doubt the scythe makes a clean sweep; so does a surgeon when he cuts a leg off; but let a crushed leg remain attached to the body, and the undertaker will assuredly have employment.

TREES FOR THE SUPPLY OF A FAMILY.

J. J. Thomas, in his valuable work on Fruit Culture, recommends the following as an ample average supply of the various fruits for the supply of a family, with good culture, viz.: 40 apple trees, with full share of long-keepers: 20 pear trees, 15 peach trees, 12 cherry trees, 10 plum trees, 6 apricots, 4 nectarines, 5 quinces, 4 grape vines, 30 currant bushes, 15 gooseberry bushes, 20 raspberry bushes, 5 square rods of strawberries.

DISTANCES FOR PLANTING TREES.—We are indebted to the same authority for the following hints on the distances for planting the various sorts:

Apples.—40 feet the greatest distance—33 may suffice. For pyramids on apple stocks, 10 feet; on Doucain stocks, 8 feet; on paradise stocks, 6 feet.

Pears.—Large growing standards, on pear stocks, 20 feet; dwarf standards, on quince, 8 feet; pyramids on pear stocks, 8 to 10 feet; on quince, 6 feet.

Peaches.—Peach trees the usual way of growing 20 feet apart. If shortened in annually, as they should be, 12 feet. Budded on plum stocks and headed in, 8 feet.

Cherries.—Common standards, 20 feet apart; pyramids on common stocks, 10 feet; on mahaleb stocks, 6 feet.

Plums.—Standards, 15 feet; pyramids, 8 to 10 feet.

Apricots.—20 feet; pyramids, 10 feet.

Quinces.—6 to 8 feet.

Grapes.—Most vigorously growing native sorts, on a trellis 8 feet high, 25 feet apart; on a 12 feet trellis, 16 feet apart. Foreign grapes one-half this distance.

Gooseberries and Currants.—4 to 5 feet.

Raspberries.—3 to 4 feet.

For the above distances, the following is the number of trees required for an acre:

40 feet apart,	27 trees		12 feet apart,	302 trees
33 "	40 "		10 "	435 "
25 "	69 "		8 "	680 "
20 "	108 "		6 "	1208 "
15 "	193 "		4 "	2720 "

MANNER OF MILKING.

From an article on the "Dairy" in the Irish Farmers' Gazette, we make the following extract:—"The manner of milking exerts a more powerful and lasting influence on the productiveness of the cow than most farmers are aware of. That a slow and careless milker soon dries up the best of cows, every practical farmer and dairyman knows. The first requisite of a good milker is, of course, *utter cleanliness.* Without this the milk is unendurable. The udder should, therefore, be carefully cleaned before the milking commences. The milker may begin gradually and gently, but should steadily increase the rapidity of the operation till the udder is emptied, using a pail sufficiently large to hold all, without the necessity of changing. Cows are very sensitive, and the pail cannot be changed, nor can the milker stop or rise during the process of milking without leading the cow more or less to withhold her milk. The utmost care should be taken to strip to the last drop, and to do it rapidly, and not in a slow and negligent manner, which is sure to have its effect on the yield of the cow. If any milk is left it is re-absorbed into the system, or else becomes caked, and diminishes the tendency to secrete a full quantity afterwards. If gentle and mild treatment is observed and persevered in, the operation of milking appears to be one of pleasure to the animal, as it undoubtedly, is, but if an opposite course is pursued—if, at every restless movement, caused, perhaps, by pressing a sore teat, the animal is harshly spoken to—she will be likely to learn to kick as a habit, and it will be difficult to overcome it afterwards. To induce quiet and readiness to give down the milk freely, it is better that the cows should be fed at milking-time with cut food, or roots, placed within their easy reach. The same person should milk the same cow regularly, and not change from one to another, unless there are special reasons for it.

GLASS ROOF.—An amateur wishing to destroy the *transparency* of the glass roof of his greenhouse, hit upon the following plan: He melted a tallow candle over a gentle fire, poured the liquid grease into a pot, and let it stand till it became unctuous—neither too soft nor too hard. On a warm day, when the condensation on the glass was all dried up, he smeared the glass on the *inside* with the grease applied by a cotton dabber. He rubbed and daubed the glass until he brought the grease to a uniform surface. After which he gently passed the same dabber of cotton linen over the glass perpendicularly, which gave the glass the appearance of being finely furrowed. The roof thus prepared, so completely prevented the direct rays of the sun from passing, that nothing in the inside could be seen from the outside, although when in the inside, the light was clear and bright without the least glare. We are assured that this is an effectual prevention of all burning or scorching, which so much disfigures plants kept under glass in Summer.

THE ACTRESS AND THE SKULL.—The following is extracted from "An Essay on the Science of Acting." In the town of North Waltham, Norfolk, in 1778, "The Fair Peninent" was performed. In the last act, where Calista lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell on the stage. During the night her illness continued. On the following day, when sufficiently recovered to converse, she sent to the stage-keeper, and anxiously inquired whence he procured the skull. He replied, "From the sexton," who said "It was the skull of one Norris, a player who twelve years before was buried in the church-yard." That same Norris was her first husband. She died in six weeks.

RICHES, like insects, while concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly;
To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought with gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold. —*Pope.*

☞ There is one thing that the most successful man rarely succeeds in—and that is in making others forgive him his success.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 165 letters.

My 19, 52, 31, 66, 78, 89, 144, 85, 87, was the scene of Christ's sufferings and humiliation prior to His crucifixion.

My 19, 51, 151, 25, 57, 15, 4, 85, 128, was a certain orator in the time of the Apostle Paul.

My 68, 127, 56, 75, 12, 84, were people held in much abhorrence by the Jews, and on whom Jesus wrought a miracle.

My 61, 51, 157, 65, 122, 151, 40, 62, was a title worn by the Jewish governors.

My 70, 40, 113, 98, 50, 150, 87, 142, was a field of much renown among the Jews.

My 158, 116, 36, 148, 125, 159, 53, was a woman "full of good works."

My 161, 103, 161, 106, 87, 85, 165, was the surname of an unbelieving disciple.

My 114, 23, 15, 138, 150, 87, was a pool consecrated by the use Christ made of it.

My 87, 160, 56, 95, 93, 36, 163, 128, 159, 101, 59, 67, was the name of Jonathan's son.

My 14, 55, 165, 117, 15, 42, 57, 87, was a precious stone in the garden of Eden.

My 140, 44, 7, 88, was a city God visited with terrible judgments, making Alexander the Great an instrument in His hands for that purpose.

My 147, 6, 14, 121, 9, 92, 119, were a race of "men of great stature" mentioned in the Prophet Isaiah.

My 1, 5, 14, 84, was an idol worshipped by the Babylonians.

My 16, 91, 82, 4, 145, 16, 164, 74, was a musical instrument much used in ancient days.

My 33, 34, 54, 8, 17, 87, was a valley devoted to a barbarous purpose.

My 38, 39, 156, 148, 99, 116, 73, was the name of a man mentioned in the New Testament guilty of a dreadful crime.

My 71, 34, 32, 129, 106, 150, 37, 161, was a place for the cultivation of a well known fruit often the subject of our Saviour's parables.

My 104, 126, 132, 143, 80, 99, 87, was a wood used by the Israelites for the altar of incense.

My 18, 123, 11, 136, 152, 77, was a measure used in ancient times for liquid.

My 25, 28, 157, 155, 76, 40, 81, 154, 7, 99, 36, was a celebrated king of Assyria.

My 3, 2, 151, 79, 87, 2 55, is the name of a star mentioned in Revelations.

My 135, 87, 112, 26, 111, 38, was a city where one of the 7 churches stood.

My 43, 30, 120, 136, 60, 12, 4, was a coin used in ancient times.

My 53, 123, 94, 85, 87, was the name of trees of which King Solomon made his terraces.

My 50, 69, 13, 40, 78, 40, 100, were birds brought from Tarshish to Solomon.

My 84, 40, 150, 22, 63, 78, 68, 50, was a stand on which Solomon stood to pray.

My 134, 144, 58, 130, 132, 47, 45, 91, was the race to which the celebrated giant belonged.

My 41, 48, 23, 63, 27, 52, was an animal used by the Jews for sacrifices.

My 123, 21, 107, 76, 96, was food eaten by the Israelites in the wilderness.

My 104, 48, 129, 56, 95, 152, 13, was the first Christian martyr.

My 83, 115, 110, 78, 56, 141, 103, 108, 57, 96, was the person to whom Luke addressed his gospel.

My 24, 64, 4, 23, 6, 86, 109, was a celebrated giant.

My 29, 93, 50, 103, 102, was a woman whom Jesus raised from misery to joy by a great miracle.

My 79, 93, 117, 68, 2, 131, is a well known plant of which frequent mention is made in the Scripture.

My 153, 149, 144, 68, was a token of modesty of women in ancient days.

My 86, 82, 137, 17, 116, 141, was the father of Samson.

My whole is a parable of our Saviour's and its application.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Upon the mountain's rugged steep,
Where snow and ice their vigils keep.
Year after year as time goes by
I am not found; but where the snow,
When summer comes doth quickly go,
'Tis said that I abound.

Down in the vale, or on the hill,
Or in the valley where the rill
Glides to a larger stream—
I'm used and seen, as you will find,
When once my name before your mind
Looms up with sudden gleam.

The earth would seem most bleak and drear,
If as you looked both far and near,
I did not meet your gaze;
Like barren wastes, and desert sands,
Would be what now are pleasant lands,
Where herds of cattle graze.

A. K. HOWRY.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The shorter of two lines bisecting the acute angles of a right angled triangle, and terminating in the opposite sides, is equal to the square root of 405; and the longer line is equal to the square root of 640. Required the sides?

Scrabble Hill, Pa. GEOMETRICUS.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find the fraction whose fourth power exceeds its fifth power by the greatest possible quantity?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a mail-coach like an Irishman's fist? Ans.—Because it's a *fore'in' hand.* [To prevent the possibility of mistake, we may explain that a "four-in-hand" is intended.]

☞ Why is a man who never wagers as bad as one that does? Ans.—Because he *is no better.*

☞ What is the difference between a ship and a hen? Ans.—Because the hen lays *one egg*, and the ship *lays to.*

☞ If you are lost in a fog, what are you most likely to be? Ans.—Mist, of course.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Girls' High School of Philadelphia. CHARADE—Log-house. DOUBLE REBUS—Milton, Milan, Ireo, Lot, Tobol, Orfal, Nottingham. RIDDLE—The letter E. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—He bought 15 cows at $10 per head, and 5 oxen at $20 per head.—ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—60 acres.